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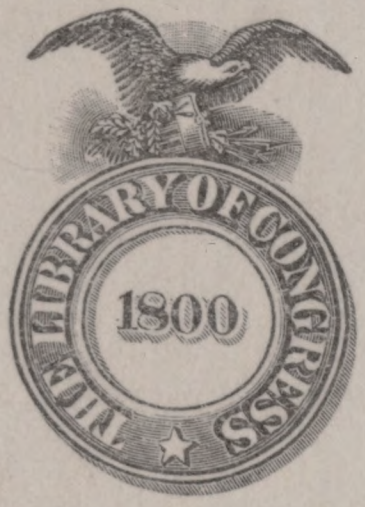

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THE

Trip of the Porgie;

OR,

Tacking up the Hudson.

The Sentiment and Humor of Events en route

Small, George G
Expends

By BRICKTOP.

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The Trip of the Porgie;

OR,

TACKING UP THE HUDSON.

CAPT. FINECUT, BYRON BLEAT, WILLIAM BITTERS, TOM BUBBLE, JOHN STUMP (SARDINE CLUB); JULIUS BASTER, STEWARD.

TACK FIRST.

New York is noted for its clubs, of various sizes and importance, but the Sardine Club, here brought under consideration, demands a particular introduction to the reader, since their trip to Albany, by way of the Hudson River, will probably throw them into each other's company to some extent for awhile.

The whole Club is shown in the above group, which was taken especially to grace this curious and eventful history. But allow me—

Reader, this is Mr. Gasper Finecut, President of the Sardine Club; a perfect gentleman, a good companion, and a well-posted

man for one of his age; rich, and very good-looking, as you see. He will probably entertain us with some interesting historical matters, together with fresh reminiscences of the localities we may pass on our way up the magnificent river, this sort of thing being his weakness.

And this is Byron Bleat, (he pronounces it Ble-at, mind) the Vice-President of the Club, a man given to love-making, sentiment and poetry; but as he never inflicted any of the latter upon the public, there is no reason why he should not be favorably received, especially as he is rich and handsome, and otherwise a good fellow. We all have our weaknesses, you know, reader.

The gentleman next to him is Mr. William Bitters, the Secretary of the Club; a man whose blood seems tinged with wormwood, and who never has a sympathetic word for anybody, and don't think any too much of himself, perhaps, because he knows himself so well. And yet he is not a bad man at heart, although he would probably growl at any good action he might do, especially if anybody was aware of his doing it. There is one good thing, he doesn't say much.

This is the Treasurer of the Club, Tom Bubble. Tom is one of the best fellows in the world, rich but not handsome. *His* particular weakness is being funny. He will try on his little joke at every opportunity.

This is plain John Stump, the only private member of the Sardine Club, the whole membership being but five, counting out the colored steward. Stump was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but, somehow, it did not assist in cutting his eye-teeth any to speak of; and he will probably remain to the day of his death, a good-natured, generous-hearted, square and upright fellow, but always be plain John Stump.

The brunette standing behind the gentlemen who have been presented is Julius Baster, the steward, the man who attends to

the inner-members of the Club; a faithful, wide-awake, well-paid, well-appreciated, good-looking darkey, a good cook, and a first-rate man and brother.

Now, then, reader, you are supposed to be personally acquainted with the members of the Sardine Club, so let us proceed to business.

About the first of July, not long since, the Club received an invitation from the Stuffed Club, of Albany, to pay them a visit and partake of their hospitality. This invitation was readily accepted, and Mr. Baster was ordered to see that their yacht, the *Porgie*, was placed in commission, and well stored with all that could stay the stomach, lull the heart, and satisfy the inner yachtsman.

Being a personal friend of all hands, I received an invitation to accompany them, and, without any hesitation, I accepted it, well knowing that a joyous time awaited me.

The yacht *Porgie* is one of the prettiest and fleetest crafts to be found in American waters, having been built expressly for the Club, and fitted up with every convenience that money could purchase or ingenuity suggest. She is sloop-rigged, has a commodious cabin and store-room, is painted white, "swings a cloud of canvas," and is, in all respects, queen of the Hudson River.

On the morning of July 1st, everything was in readiness, and the members of the Club stepped on board, dressed in the uniform of the New York Yacht Club. The President appeared as *Captain;* the Vice-President, as *First Mate;* the Secretary, as *Second Mate;* the Treasurer, as *Sailing Master;* while John Stump, the sole private member of the Club, appeared as an ordinary sailor!

The morning was beautiful, and a fair breeze was blowing from the South. The last touch had been given, the last order obeyed, friends on shore were still waving their handkerchiefs,

SAILING-MASTER BUBBLE PICKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD OF VARIOUS KINDS OF CRAFT IN THE NORTH RIVER, OPPOSITE PIER 30, NEW YORK.

when, at a signal from the saluting gun, up went the white wings of the yacht, and the *Porgie* bowed gracefully before the suggestion, and swept like a white sea-gull around the Battery, and sped into the waters of the Hudson River, whose surface was so thickly dotted with the breasts of pleasure craft or the blunt bearers of heavy burdens.

Progress for a mile or two at this point is necessarily slow, on account of the dodging of ferry-boats, and the various other aquatic coaches depending on steam or wind. But Tom Bubble knew his craft and every drop of water through which she was plowing. Nothing could be more artistic than the way in which he handled the *Porgie*, he being at one time the pupil of Captain Samuels, from whose hands he came forth a perfect yachtsman.

Everything being taut and tight, the Club proceeded to get somewhat enthusiastic on the strength of the bracing air and the enchantment of the scene. Byron Bleat took it all in, and, after holding it as long as he could, he began to let it out again in singing, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," while the others, with the exception of Bitters, joined heartily in the inspiring chorus.

"I say, Byron," said Bitters, "why not wait until we get above New York, before you take on so?"

"Why?" asked the first mate, blushing like a girl.

"Because people along shore might mistake our craft for a cattle boat," replied Bitters, in his usual deprecating way.

"Oh, you be hanged! I wasn't singing for you."

"Oh, you were singing, eh? Well, I beg pardon."

"Oh, let up, Bit! Try and see if you can't be happy just for once, and see how it seems," said Bubble.

"Well, if you won't make any more of those noises, I will try."

"Ah! here we are abreast of Pleasant Valley. Now she takes it!" said Captain Finecut, as he glanced proudly at his craft that leaped the wavelets and kissed the flying spray.

"At this point Julius Bastar appeared up the companion-way, bearing a silver server, on which were five fine cut glasses, filled with a rich brown liquid, on the surface of which floated a bit of lemon peel."

"Pleasant Valley, eh? Well, what of Pleasant Valley?" asked John Stump, coming aft.

"Common sailors shouldn't mingle with the officers," put in Bitters, waving the "crew" back to his quarters amid a roar of laughter.

Stump got red in the face, but didn't venture a reply.

"Well, Pleasant Valley is a very pretty little place for short-stop pic-nics and boat races," replied the captain, without paying any attention to what Bitters had said. "It has been greatly improved within a year or two."

"Yes, I have been to several boat races up this way; the Gulick Club sometimes make their headquarters here. Splendid place," said Bubble.

At this point, Julius Baster emerged from the cabin, bearing a silver tray, upon which stood half a dozen small cut-glass goblets, filled with a dark brown liquid having a smell of juniper about it, and a flavor of high toast. With a polite bow, and a Chesterfieldian flourish, he presented each of the party with one of these goblets, and assumed a position of "at rest," while the others touched glasses daintily, and with the sentiment, "Here's luck!" lifted them up under their mustaches.

Even Bill Bitters could not find it in his heart to say a word against this moisture, and he actually smaked his lips, although he turned away lest some one should see him do it.

"What place is this?" asked Bleat, pointing to the left.

"Why, that is Fort Lee, a beautiful place, the resort of more festively-inclined New Yorkers than almost any other portion of New Jersey," replied the captain.

Mr. Bleat raised a pair of field-glasses and took a look.

"There is a sign up there, on the heights—'Bluff Grove.' I wonder what that means."

"Why, there is where they go to play bluff," said Bubble, and then he broke into a hearty laugh.

"What are you laughing at, Bub?" asked Bitters, with a frown.

"Why—the—the joke. Where they play bluff—Bluff Grove. See?"

"I am sorry to say, my dear sir, that I do *not* see anything that resembles a joke in the remotest degree."

"Did you *ever* see anything to laugh at, Bitters?" asked Bubble, somewhat chagrined.

"Yes; I sometimes laugh over your attempts at being funny."

"Belay that!" said the captain, checking Bitters.

"Oh! what a beautiful place!" said Bleat, murmuring his feelings from under the field-glasses. "How siugular that I have never visited this place."

"I have been here often," said Stump.

"Yes," put in Bitters, "your father told me that you had got into the habit of keeping bad company."

"Nonsense! that related to my joining this club."

"Nothing personal, if you please, gentlemen!" said the captain. "Yes, Fort Lee is historic ground," he added.

"Yes; many a patriot has there found his bier," said Bubble.

"Oh! Oh! Reef that, reef it!" replied all hands in derision, at which Bubble collapsed and took a long look ahead, as though he might possibly run upon a hidden rock, all the while pretending, by his looks, that he was innocent of attempting a joke.

"Fort Lee, in connection with Fort Washington, opposite, played a conspicuous part in the Revolution, during the struggle for New York. There stood Washington while watching the fight for the possession of Fort Washington. But when it fell into the hands of the British, of course Fort Lee became untenable and was evacuated at once."

"Yes; but Washington got the best of those blarsted redcoats soon after," suggested Stump.

"True; he did it with his little hatchet," said Bubble, still trying to look calm.

"Again? Take this man away, somebody! he will drive me mad," whined Bitteas, getting up and walking forward.

"Be charitable, Bitters!" said the captain.

"BITTERS PASSED AROUND HIS CAP AND TOOK UP A COLLECTION FOR BUBBLE, FOR THE PURPOSE OF BUYING HIM OFF."

"Then I should kill our sailing-master."

"I'll tell you what to do, Bubble, when you have a funny thing to get off: write it on a piece of paper, place it in the saluting-gun, and shoot it at Bitters. It is the only way you can make him see it or take it."

This suggestion came from plain John Stump, and a good laugh resulted from it, while Bitters lighted a cigar, and, leaning against the mast, tried to quiet his nerves and to recover from the palpable hit of the "crew."

Onward, like a fleet sea-bird, sped the white-winged *Porgie*, past Fort Lee, where the towering palisades begin, and, as though warming for the course with the increasing breeze, she seemed to hug the waves that toyed around her white breast, and, anon, like a flirt, to cast them aside for new lovers and fresh conquests.

"They are building castles along on the Westchester side of the river," suggested Bleat, after a short silence.

"What for, I wonder, in republican America?"

"Probably they are doing so that future generations may get poetic over their ruins, and compare the Hudson with the storied Rhine," said Finecut.

"It won't take more than a dozen years to make first-class ruins of the majority of them," said Bubble.

"Bubble, allow me to press your flesh!" said Bitters, starting up suddenly and approaching his victim. "You have at last said a sensible thing."

"Little singular how you should get hold of it," replied Bubble, laughing all over, and clenching his triumph with a personal whack that made him feel better.

"O, the change of air is doing him good," said Stump.

"*Et tu Brute!*" and Bitters went forward again amid a general laugh.

"Here, on our starboard side, is Mount St. Vincent, and that castle there, just under the shadow of the Orphan Asylum, once belonged to and was the dwelling-place of America's greatest tragedian, Edwin Forrest," said Finecut, at which they all lifted their caps with respect.

"Yonder, still on the Westchester side, is the lunatic asylum."

"Ah! Bubble, take a good look at it, for by-and-by you may have to reverse the scene," said Bitters.

"Well, there will be one consolation then that even a shattered mind will not fail to appreciate; you will be located

further up the river on the same side," said Bubble, insinuating Sing Sing.

"Poor Bubble! who will appreciate your jokes then?"

"We shall not have to take them with Bitters then; shall we, Bub.?" said Bleat.

"Ha! Byronic sarcasm!"

"Gemmen, yer reg'lar 'leven is ready," said Baster, appearing with a grin and a salute.

"Good enough! we are ready for it."

"Yes; I am as hungry as a hash-mill," said Stump, getting up and making a move towards the cabin.

"Hold on, there, Stump!" said the captain, "you forget that you are on board yacht, and that you are an ordinary sailor. Go to the wheel, sir!"

"Aye, aye, sir," he replied, with as much grace as he could.

"Now, then, Jack, you can sing as much as you like. Sing, Sing, and be happy, said Bitters, as he disappeared down the companion-way.

"Same to you, Bit."

And plain Jack Stump took up his position at the wheel, while the others refreshed themselves below. Not that he would not get as good as the others, for, in point of interest, he owned just as much of the *Porgie* and their elegant club-house as the others did; and, in point of worldly dollars and cents, he had more than any two of them. But discipline must be observed, and he bowed to it. Perhaps he would be president and captain next year himself.

A half hour passed, and when we emerged from the cabin, Jack was murmuring, "a life on the ocean wave."

"All right, Jack; I'll relieve you," said Bleat, taking the wheel and waving the "crew" below.

"It would be a relief indeed, if you were not a worse singer than he is," said Bitters, fitting a cigar to a holder.

"Bitters, you are not good after lunch," said Bubble.

"Will somebody remove this gastronomic joker?'

"Fellows, here is a conundrum!" continued Bubble, blowing a fine cloud of smoke out of his puckered lips.

"Keel-haul him!" shouted Bitters, in disgust.

"No, no; let's hear his conundrum," said Finecut.

"No; hold him, or I will jump overboard."

"Buy him off," I suggested.

"Well, that will do," said Bitters, taking off his cap and passing it around. "Fifteen cents!" he said, as he gathered the last copper. "That is paying you well, Bub. Here! but don't presume upon us too much, and hint at another conundrum whenever you get hard up. Don't trifle with our sensitive natures."

This rather took poor Bubble aback, and he proceeded to get red in the face and order the first mate to alter the course of the *Porgie* a trifle, to avoid a couple of schooners that were beating down stream; after which there were several moments of silence.

"What building is that on the Palisades, yonder?"

"That is the Palisades Hotel, managed by the brother of the landlord of the renowned West Point Hotel," said the captain.

"A brother? I thought it was a *Cozzen*," said Bubble, forgetting his late humiliation.

"Yes; one of the Cozzens; you are right, Bub."

"Captain Finecut, I don't think *you* are right in encouraging him in his dreadful puns," said Bitters.

"Oh, let him alone! We all have our little weaknesses, you know.

Biters laughed a bitter laugh, and lay down on the forward hatch and pulled his cap over his face. Silence reigned again for some minutes.

"What place is this, here on the right?" asked Bleat.

APPROACHING YONKERS FROM THE SOUTH. *The Porgie* TACKING, PREPARATORY TO RUNNING IN.

"That? Do you see that low bridge there?"

Bleat looked through his glasses, and said yes.

"Well, that is the railroad bridge over Spuyten Duyvil Creek," replied the captain, and all hands took a look.

"So that is Spupten Duyvil?"

"Yes, in spite of the devil," added Bubble.

"Don't get riotous with your English, Bub.," said Bitters.

"Yes; and aside from the natural beauty of the surrounding scenery, and the superb residences that we see twinkling through the lovely forests, my mind reverts to the place as an important point in our war for independence," said Byron Bleat, rising and striking an eloquent attitude.

"True; Spuyten Duyvil Creek is indeed associated not only with our colonial and revolutionary history, but with the very earliest history of the Hudson River," said Finecut.

"Here, on the 2d of October, 1608, I think it was, Henry Hudson had a severe fight with the Indians, who attacked the *Half Moon* with arrows and fire-brands thrown by their bows from the shore, as the gallant vessel lay at anchor at the mouth of the creek. Here, too, while Governor Stuyvesant was absent on the Delaware, about a thousand Indians gathered and threatened to destroy infant New York, that lay nestling in its cradle down by the Battery."

"But what gave it such a devil of a name?" asked Stump, who had returned from his lunch, and was wrestling with a Henry Clay.

"Well, according to the popular legend, the creek receives its name from a pig-headed Dutchman who attempted to cross it in a storm, and in *spite of the devil*, as he said, and got drowned."

"If that be true, it shows that the *Old Boy* will not be trifled with," said Bubble, laughing.

"It will be well for you to bear that in mind, Bub," said Bitters.

BYRON BLEAT AND HIS BEAUTIFUL YONKERS FLAME. "WE FOUND HIM PROMENADING IN THE SAME PLACE WHERE WE LEFT HIM THE NIGHT BEFORE."

The breeze that had wafted us along so delighfully fast had died partially out, and as the tide was against the graceful breast of the *Porgie*, we made but slow progress from Spuyten Duyvil, and gave all hands a chance to indulge in all the leisure singing or story-telling they desired. Bitters lay stretched out on the forward hatch asleep, while the others discussed now and then a glass of prime old wine, a fine cigar, or indulged in gossip about the important places we passed.

As the wind threatened to die out completely, Captain Fine-cut concluded to run into Yonkers, drop anchor, and take a spin about the place, and if the breeze did not freshen, to remain there all night. This idea pleased all hands.

While slowly approaching beautiful Yonkers, Byron Bleat (he pronounces his name *Ble*-at, remember,) grew poetical, and was with difficulty restrained from breaking out into rapturous verse. Well, he was not to blame for it; the scene was lovely indeed.

Beyond, to the left, rose the rough-hewn sides of the Palisades, verdure-crowned and thunder-proof; on the right nestled the garden city of the Hudson, with its elegant villas and vine-clad cottages twinkling white amid the waving green.

On the bosom of the lake-river where we rode, sped the graceful steamers, and near by, a pretty boat with a merry party of lasses, resting on their oars and waiting to catch the tilting swell of the long waves that the steamers send V-shaped toward either shore.

How delightfully cool, and how pleasant the sight, as the sun sends its long shadows, down from the hills beyond, over the surface of the water, and we doze with the dying wind and contemplate the dust, the heat, and the turmoil of the city that we have left far behind!

Well, here we are at Yonkers! bright, beautiful, aristocratic Yonkers-on-the-Hudson! It seems only a season or two ago

since it was simply a pretty, quiet little village; now, it is an earnest, bustling, thriving city of sixteen thousand inhabitants, possessing a mayor and corporation. All hail, Yonkers!

Our sails slide quietly down, our anchor plunges in search of mud, and the graceful *Porgie* swings around with the tide, tied fast herself, and nestles down to her evening lullaby in front of the town.

"Julius," said the captain, to the steward, after we had partaken of the evening specimens of his art, "we are going ashore and may not be back to-night."

"Yes, sah!"

"The yacht is in your charge. See to it!"

"Certain, sah, shuer!"

This settled the preliminaries, and, taking the jolly-boat that lolled astern, we started for the shore.

The sun had already set, and the hazy twilight fell like a sheen or a gauzy nightcap over the scene as the "crew" dipped the glistening blades and insinuated the other blades nearer to the shore. It was a glorious hour, and we all felt like doing the city in a thorough manner. Quite a crowd of idlers of both sexes stood on the wharf as we clambered upon it, and a bevy of beautiful Yonkeresses with their snowy kerchiefs waved us a welcome.

Byron Bleat was smitten by one of them violently. He hesitated, flirted, edged towards them, and finally spoke. He appeared to be perfectly at home with his charmer in less than five minutes, and so we left him and strolled on towards the town. We knew him too well to think of waiting for or coaxing him to accompany us.

Leaving the wharf, we crossed the Hudson River Railroad and struck up into the city. The lights were burning brightly, and a gay throng hurried or sauntered along the streets. Of course, the city is unlike New York, but it has the same nature

in it; is water-veined and gas-windpiped like the metropolitan giant, but, being virtuous yet in its youth, it is free from the black crimes and immoral looseness that dwells in the atmosphere of New York. Long be it so!

We purchased one or two New York evening papers, and after walking through the business portion of the young city we struck upon Broadway and started for the higher land, for homes where wealth and art have done so much, and whither the soft twilight and the breath of flowers invited us.

Broadway, Yonkers, is one of the prettiest streets in the world. Up, up you go, leaving the business portion of the city behind, until you attain such an elevation as enables you to look over the houses below and obtain a clear view of the broad river and the frowning Palisades beyond it. Beautiful mansions and elegant grounds are seen on every side. Flowers, shrubbery, birds, grand old trees, tastefully arranged lawns—everything that taste can suggest and a well-filled purse procure.

"Ah! ho, ho! he, he!" roared Bubble, pointing to a sign on the opposite side of the street.

"What is the matter, Bub.?" asked Bitters, seizing him by the arm. "It can't be possible that you intend inflicting another one of your jokes upon us."

"No; but look at that sign. Is it not a joke in itself? '*Quick, Undertaker.*' See?" he asked.

"I think it very appropriate," said Finecut. "The *quick* are the proper ones to take care of the *dead.*"

"A grave subject for jokes, I should say," said Bitters as we passed along, admiring the beautiful surroundings.

"Here we are; let us go into the Peabody House, kept by L. U. Maltby, one of the best landlords of one of the best hotels on the Hudson River. Come!"

Now, come to think of it, travellers don't need to be told that the Peabody House is a good place to stop at. Here we

WAVING A FOND ADIEU TO THE DON JUAN OF THE SARDINE CLUB.

found the landlord and several of his boon and genial friends, and after partaking of cheer we took one of his carriages for a drive about the place.

There is lots to be seen in Yonkers, and some that has quite a claim to antiquity. For instance, there is the old Philipse manor-house, that was built in 1682, and which once belonged to the so-called lords of Philipse manor. It is a grand old relic of the past, and will be found standing when the "castles" and mansions of to-day have gone to decay. Here was born and

lived Mary Philipse, whom Washington loved but could not win, and who is said, moreover, to have been the original of the heroine in Cooper's novel of *The Spy*.

This grand old relic was lately purchased by the corporation of Yonkers, and converted into a City Hall, although the exterior has undergone no alteration. It is a curious mixture of Dutch and English architecture, and is antique enough to satisfy any American.

"Are there any 'Washington's Headquarters' in this place?" asked Stump of Finecut, who had been entertaining us with these and other historical reminiscences.

"I believe not; that is, military head-quarters. Yonkers appears to have escaped that distinction somehow. But from what history tells us he had a transient *social* headquarters for a time at the old manor-house where Molly Philipse lived."

Well, well, space will not admit of recording all that was said and done at Yonkers by the Sardine Club. We did not return to the yacht that night, but rested beneath the roof of the Peabody House, after visiting sundry points of interest and having a glorious good time generally. Sleep never caught up with us until quite early in the morning, consequently it was late before we made our appearance on the wharf the next day.

But when we did arrive we found the smitten Byron Bleat standing there with the object of his sudden adoration, holding both her hands in his, and looking down into her upturned eyes and quoting all the poetry he could think of. We were not certain that they had not stood there all night, just as we had left them. But we afterwards learned that he walked and talked with her until midnight, and that they had met there again by appointment as we found them.

We got into the waiting jolly-boat and whistled to attract his attention, but it was no use, he was drunk with love, and we rowed out to the *Porgie* and sent Baster back to bring him.

Even this was scarcely a success, for not until the steward had gone up to and pulled him respectfully by the sleeve two or three times did he seem to comprehend that there was a journey to be completed, that the Stuffed Club waited our coming.

Then followed a separation that took nearly half-an-hour, during which it was evident that the young lady was quite as deep in the mire as he was in the mud of love, and then as he was at length detached and was being rowed towards the yacht, he waved his handkerchief and exchanged long-range kisses with the fair young thing who stood upon the wharf.

"We shall take you ashore in a burglar-proof safe when we land again," said Bitters.

"You have kept us waiting until the tide has turned," growled Finecut, in no very angelic humor.

But Bleat heard not, saw not, cared not a snap for anything but the beautiful blonde angel in white that stood there on the wharf, still waving her kerchief.

"Up with the sails and anchor," shouted Finecut. "Nothing but actual distance will bring him to his senses."

The anchor came on board, and the sails again caught the breeze, and, although struggling against the tide, we soon glided from the sight of the white-panniered angel.

"Farewell, beautiful vision!" murmured Bleat, with his eyes still bent in the same direction.

"Speak louder," said Bitters.

Byron Bleat turned to him with a frown.

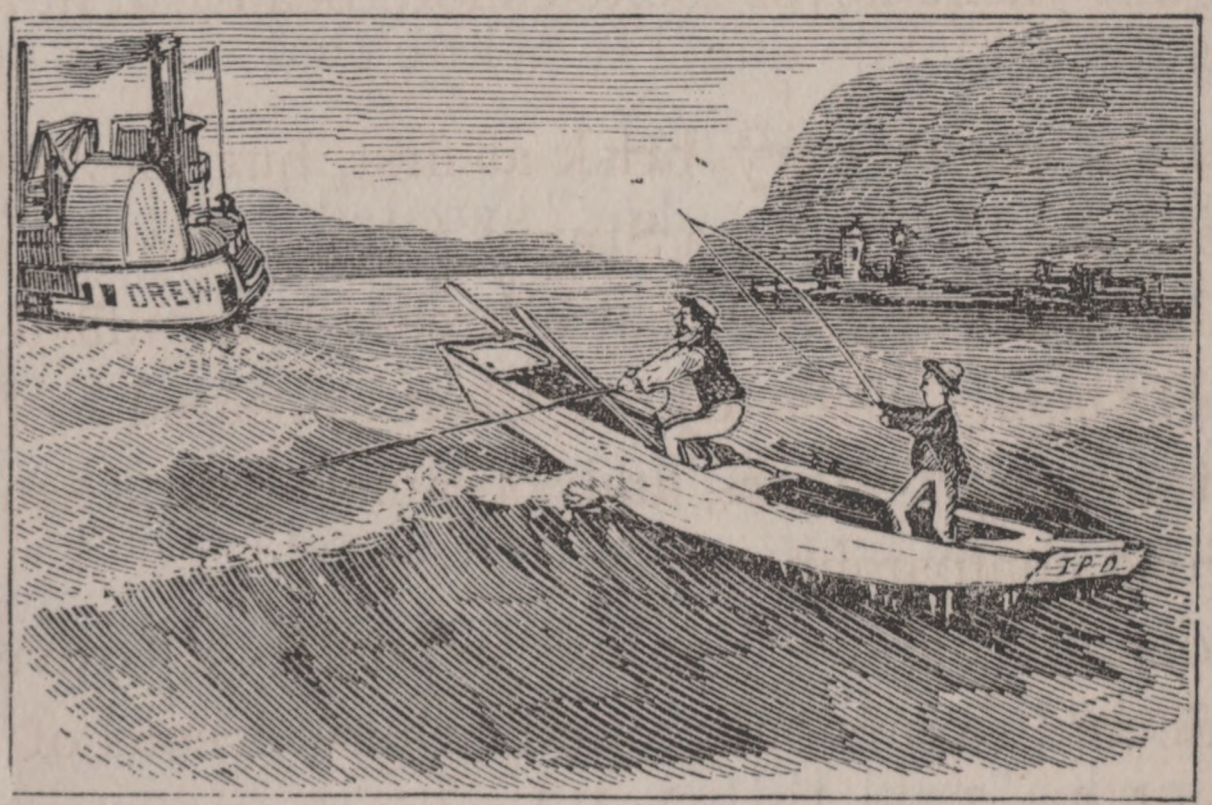
"Oh! he's all right yet," said Bubble, at which all hands laughed, and Bleat changed color and position.

"Gentlemen, laugh as much you like, but that is the only girl I ever really loved," replied he.

"She is about the tenth 'only one' that I have heard you mention within a month," said Bitters.

"Bah!"

Baster put in a wholesome appearance about this point and announced breakfast. We took a last look at Yonkers and went below, leaving Jack Stump at the wheel, trying to make himself believe he wasn't hungry by singing his favorite song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave."



TACK SECOND.

Those who embarked with us from New York of course feel perfectly well acquainted with each member of the party by this time, while those who do not can turn back to their portraits at the head of first chapter.

After breakfast the company was in a somewhat better humor than when we left them, and as we came on deck to relieve John Stump who had taken the wheel during our absence, several Henry Clays were ignited and the wire edge of the night before was gradually worn away. As for the "crew," he went below to take the wire edge off his appetite.

The *Porgie* was clipping along through the water at the suggestion of a freshening breeze that promised a fine day's run, and the elegant yacht never looked more beautiful in the world than now.

Conversation wasn't very brisk at first, but they swept into it by degrees, and by the time Stump returned to the deck one would hardly have supposed that a breeze had ruffled the temper of any of them. Even Byron Bleat appeared to forget his late enchantment at Yonkers, and became again a sensible fellow and a good companion.

A short distance above Yonkers is Dudley's Grove, a well-known picnic and excursion ground, where oceans of festivity and notions of fun have been indulged in for many years past. A barge and steamboat were just landing a joyous crowd as we passed the point.

Bleat murmured in tune: "What are the wild waves saying?" and Bitters replied:

"Give it up. Too early for conumdrums, Bleat."

This induced a slight ripple, and Bleat subsided.

"Ah! what little hamlet is this here on the right?"

"Hamlet! Hamlet!" exclaimed Captain Finecut, "you had

not venture ashore and ask that question, Mr. Bitters. That is Hastings-on-Hudson, as the inhabitants delight in calling it. It is really a smart little place, somewhat given to sand-banks, but it is destined to be an important town."

"Havn't you anything funny to say about Hastings, Bubble?" asked Bitters, turning to that individual for relief.

"Well, no, only that it would be a good place for burglars."

"What! burglars? Why so, Bub.?"

"Because the owners are careless with their *banks*. Sand-banks, see?"

A moment of ludicrous silence followed. Not a smile disturbed the features of any of the party. At length Bitters spoke:

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. I really had no intention of developing such a stupid conundrum, although I might have expected it from Bubble. But perhaps none of you mistrusted that a joke was perpetrated or intended."

We all shook our heads and looked solemn.

"Well, it's all right then; I will be more careful in future. Gentlemen, our sailing master has *nothing* funny to say about Hastings; so let us pass."

"I wish you would take it up," growled Bubble, looking half mad at his tormentor.

"Why, if Hastings should take up with me, or I with it, there would be nobody on board to explain your jokes. No, no, you cannot wish that, Bubble."

Bubble looked like a hungry meat-saw.

"Gentlemen," said Bleat, "I object to the course of the second mate towards our sailing-master and his little joke. I propose a vote of confidence in Mr. Bubble."

This being agreed to amid much merriment, it had the effect of restoring good humor and wiping out all old scratches. A song was started, and before it was finished Julius Baster, the

SUNNYSIDE, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING, AS SEEN FROM THE RAILROAD AND RIVER.

colored steward, put in an appearance with the silver tray, on which stood six fine cut glasses filled with brown liquid in which floated a bit of lemon peel. He also had an open box of cigars.

The mixture was carefully drainced from the tiny glasses, and the cigars being lighted, it was agreed that the equilibrium was fully restored, and a pleasant chat followed.

"Gentlemen, we are now opposite Irvington, which you all know was once the residence of America's great *literateur*, and since named in his honor. Ah! there is "Sunnyside," his former residence, just now twinkling through the foliage."

We all followed with our eyes the index finger of Captain Finecut, and beheld the shrine at which the whole world kneels in respectful admiration for the gentle, unassuming magician who once dwelt there and hallowed with pleasant wierdness everything about the neighborhood.

"I propose stopping at Tarrytown and visiting some of the points of interest that are found there. What do you say, gentlemen?" asked the Captain.

We all agreed to it, except Bitters.

"I will agree to it on two conditions, which are, that Bubble attempts no jokes and Bleat no amour."

Even this was soon arranged, and the *Porgie* was headed for the little cove that marks the high and low village of Tarrytown. In half an hour we were ready to go ashore, leaving the yacht in charge of Baster, as before.

After landing, our first stopping-place was at the Revere House, a pleasant, old-fashioned tavern that stands near the Hudson River Railroad Depot. Our prime object was to get a conveyance, and perchance, a guide.

John E. Smith, the presiding genius of the Revere, gave us a welcome, and at once placed us upon the right track so far as

directions were concerned, and ordered a carriage to enable us to follow them.

A person sees but little of Tarrytown at or around the landing. It seems only like a country town from any of the landing points, but once you leave and ascend the hill, yon see one of the most beautiful landscapes and garden-towns to be found in the country.

The desired carriage and driver-guide was obtained, and taking seats we were soon spinning up Broadway. Every town on the Hudson has a Broadway, and not unfrequently there is a broad way *between* the different places.

The driver had us in charge, and the first point of interest that he took us to was the Andre monument, a plain, substantial shaft of granite, as firm as were the hearts and patriotism of the noble men in whose honor it was erected by a grateful people.

"You all know the history of Arnold's treason and of Andre's capture," said Captain Finecut, getting down from his seat and approaching the fence which surrounds the monument. "The inscription tells the rest; I will read it.

ON THIS SPOT

The 23d day of September, 1780, the Spy,

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,

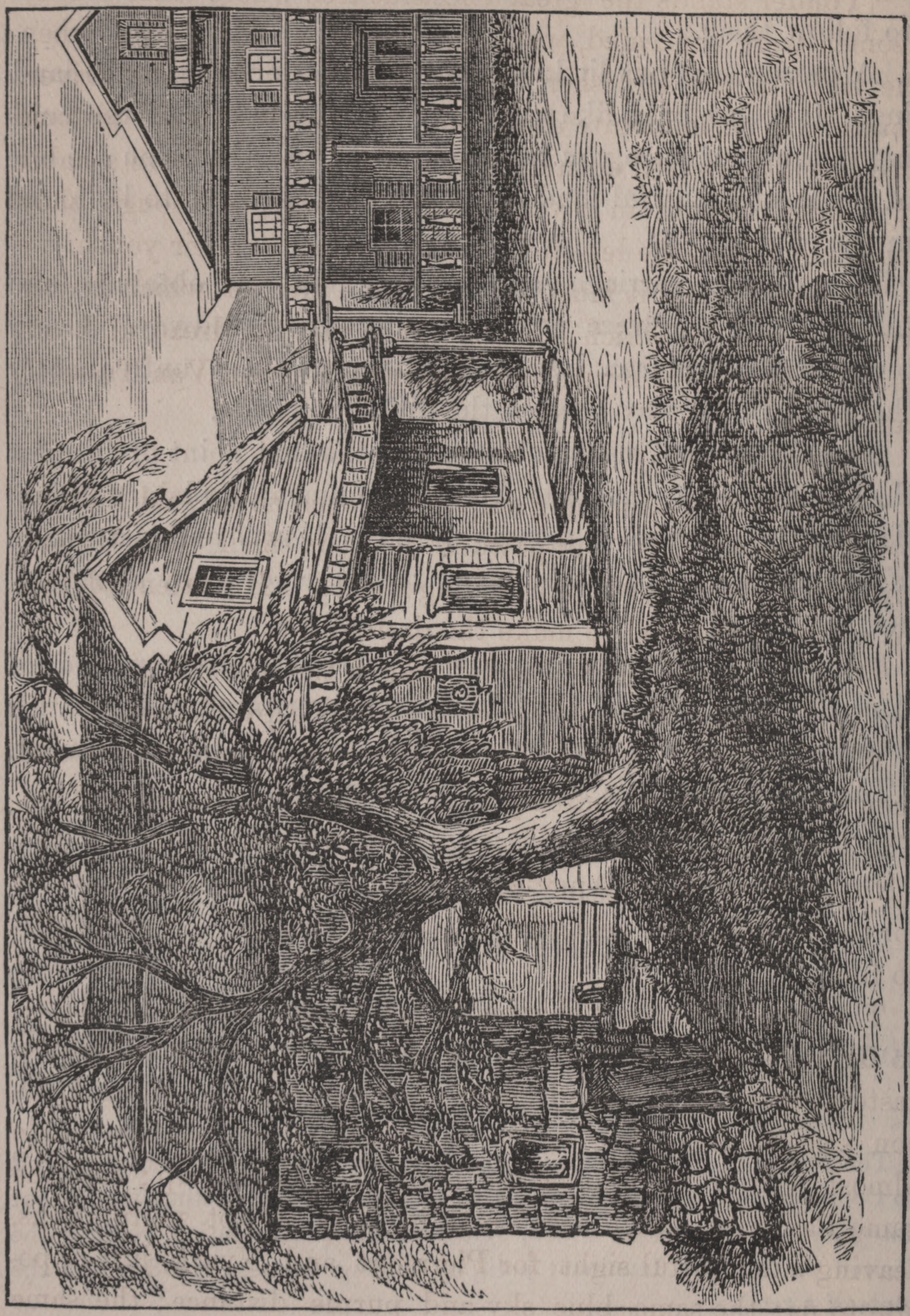
Adjutant-General of the British Army, was captured by

JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS AND ISAAC VAN WART.

HISTORY HAS TOLD THE REST.

The People of Westchester County have erected this Monument as well to Commemorate a great Event as to testify their high estimation of that Integrity and Patriotism which, rejecting every temptation, rescued the United States from Imminent peril, by baffling the acts of a Spy and the plots of a traitor.

DEDICATED OCTOBER 7, 1853.



THE "OLD MILL" AND WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT SLEEPY HOLLOW, TARRYTOWN. BUILT IN 1686, BY THE LORDS OF THE PHILIPSE MANOR.

"Yonder stands the great chestnut tree where those sturdy yeomen were concealed, watching Cow-Boys and Tories, when the unfortunate Britisher happened along," said the driver, pointing in an indefinite direction. The fact is, this old historic tree has disappeared entirely, but the guides still have a habit of pointing it out in a vague sort of a way, as though they could not forget the lesson they had learned in their youth.

"Indeed! Then it must be the same tree of which Irving wrote, and under which Ichabod Crane met the dreadful headless Hessian on his return from courting Katrina Van Tassell," said Bleat.

"Without doubt."

"Pah! I smell something sulphurous even now," said Bubble.

"Nonsense. It is 'Gunpowder' that you smell," said Bitters, turning sadly towards the sailing-master. He intended this for a joke, but failed to make the desired hit.

"Yes, the horse Ichabod rode," put in the driver.

"Very good. Well, let us now go to Sleepy Hollow."

We took a last look at the commemorative monument, and then turned to the contemplation of the beauties around us. The scene was truly magnificent. How well might Irving say: "No, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery." We thought so too.

The scene has vastly changed from what it was in his day—so far as relates to immediate surroundings of noble mansions, tasteful private parks and lawns; but the same glorious Hudson sweeps along below, the same wild (and by him made almost weird) Highlands are to be seen farther up; and the same Palisades, which here break up into abrupt undulations, leaving a delightful sight for Piermont and Nyack, just opposite to us; the same blue sky and purple distance; the same grand old trees throwing their perfume upon the wind, are here

as when he walked, and wrote, and loved in these quiet dells.

We were now just entering the stilly precints of Sleepy Hollow. a place made forever memorable by Irving's pen and the deeds of patriots. How well we knew it, even without being told by our guide! The same drowsy, dreamy influence seemed to be hovering over the quiet vale that Irving mentions, and even while the noontide sun was pouring down its rays, we could almost feel the spell of enchantment settling over the region, and not a long stretch of the imagination did it require to bring up dozens of the wild phantoms and terrible sprites upon whom the early Dutch settlers dwelt with so much alarm and interest on long winter evenings.

Nothing can be truer (and all feel it who enter this seemingly charmed vale of the little Pocantico) than the description Washington Irving has given of Sleepy Hollow. He says: "From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor, during the early settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, that the place still continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare

oftener across the valley than in any part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols."

It was all there, true to nature. The very birds sing more lazily, and all animation has a drowsiness that would be provoking, did not the same influence seize upon the visitor and make him happily akin.

Even our horses felt it. (Or was it because they were engaged by the hour?) But of course we didn't mind, so long as we felt it too. As we turned into the road that leads over the bridge spanning the little stream, called the Pocantico, we beheld an old school-house, which, for ought a stranger might say, was the identical one where Ichabod Crane taught; "and by fancy, we could hear from thence, on a drowsy summer's day, the low murmer of pupil's voices, conning over their lessons, sounding like the hum of a bee-hive." But we could not vouch for it, neither would our driver, although he seemed reasonably willing to give us entire satisfaction.

We crossed the bridge, now a substantial one, and probably less haunted than in the days of Ichabod Crane, and turning to the left we started down a lane towards "The Old Mill," sacred to tradition, romance and history.

The old mill is not what it was a few years ago, nor as it is represented in many of the engravings, although Mr. Worth has succeeded admirably in the one herewith presented. The sweeping willows almost hide it from view; the old wheel, that once swallowed up the waters of the Pocantico, has been removed, and the old landmark of past generations is fast passing away. It was built in 1686, and for many years the same old stones that now remain, furnished flour and meal for all the country round about. A silk factory of the period now glowers upon it from the opposite bank, and makes it appear even more insignificant.

We inspected the interior and exterior, and Byron Bleat even waxed eloquent and poetic over it. I did neither, but I captured brick that was brought over from Holland, a piece of the old shingle covering it, and a wrought nail that helped to hold the old cripple together. These relics are now in my sanctum, and I could but think, as I drove the nail into my partition, what about the man who drove that nail last before me. Alas! he is probably dead.

Another feature of this place, and standing only a few yards from the mill, is the old Washington Headquarters. There can be no doubt about this, as history has given us the account of its occupancy. This building was originally built by the Philipses, and was for a long time known as "Castle Philipse." It was, before Mr. Jones modernized its exterior, a quaint old stone building, built about the same time as the old mill, but a deal more substantial, and in the troublesome times with the Indians has often figured conspicuously as a place of refuge and defense.

A gallant Irishman, Finton Quirk, was keeping the place, and he entertained us handsomely, and told us much that was interesting regarding it. Captain Finecut interviewed him for the benefit of the party.

"Well, gentlemen, the place is now owned by Mr. Jones, who has modernized the old Headquarters, as you see. I have been here six years, during which time these alterations have been going on. I have myself laid out the grounds, and have dug up several relics in the shape of arrow-heads and bullets. And I dug up a cannon-ball that weighed ten pounds, which I sold to a man for a dollar a pound, so I did. Come around on the back side of the house, gentlemen, and you will see that the *old* house is still to be seen. Faith, Mr. Jones hadn't the heart to cover it all up. Here you see the old walls just as they were, except that the port-holes that used to look out over the creek here beyont, to kape an eye on the bloody Indians that

THE OLD CHURCH AT SLEEPY HOLLOW, ADJOINING THE GRAVEYARD IN WHICH WASHINGTON IRVING IS BURIED; THE CHURCH WHERE ICHABOD CRANE USED TO SING AND WORSHIP KATRINA VAN TASSELL. BUILT 1699, BY THE LORDS OF THE PHILIPSE MANOR.

used ter come up for mischief, they are windows now. The walls are fully two feet thick, and were built to stand. While it was used as Washington's Headquarters, the old mill ground grain for the great man and the illigant gintleman as was wid him."

We voted Mr. Quirk an eloquent success.

After showing us about the place and assisting us to relics, Mr. Quirk bade us a profound good-by and a happy continuation of our journey. Thanking him, we entered our carriage, and were driven out to the main road again; up to the old Dutch Church that stands on the hill overlooking this peaceful vale of grim history and captivating romance. A capital engraving of this old relic is herewith presented.

It is the same old church of which Irving wrote. It may well be called a relic of the past, considering the age of the country, having been built in 1699, by Lord and Lady Philipse, of Yonkers. A quaint old building it is, with antique spire and gable roof; with thick stone walls, well whitewashed, and an interior unaltered since the days when Ichabod Crane led the choir, and threw his killing glances at the luscious Katrina Van Tassell. We contemplated it with feelings of veneration and interest. Bleat took his note-book from his pocket and began a poem on it, while Tom Bubble attempted a joke.

The jolting of the carriage, which had now started, put a stop to Bleat, and Bitters choked off the joker with a frown.

From the old church we drove slowly up the hill, path the weather-beaten and crumbling tombstones that thickly dot the yard adjoining it, where

> "Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Reaching the entrance of the upper and newer portion of the cemetery, we were driven through its beautiful paths, noting

the various triumphs of art that love or friendship had reared above the sleepers, from the grand and costly specimen to the most lowly slab that honest poverty had erected.

Presently, we halted at a family yard. Without a word we followed our captain and entered the enclosure. We were standing on gronnd hallowed by the dust of Washington Irving. With uncovered heads we listened while he read from a plain white slab that stands in the centre of a modest row, as simple and unpretending as that of the humblest clod:

WASHINGTON,
SON OF WILLIAM AND SARAH H. IRVING,
DIED
Nov. 28, 1859,
Aged 76 years, 8 mo., and 25 days.

What simplicity in death! How well it accorded with the charming simplicity of his life.

"Do you remember his funeral?" asked Finecut of the driver.

"Ah, indeed I do. I was standing here when his body was brought to the grave. It was a day of mourning around here as well as in the whole land. There was a great and sad gathering of all the notables in the country."

After contemplating the humble shrine for a short time, we returned to our seats in the carriage and started to return. The view from the cemetery is truly beautiful. The peaceful valley of Sleepy Hollow below; beyond the lake-river, the noble Hudson; beyond that, the Highlands, that nestled in verdure and dreamy haze, while on all sides as far as the eye could reach were villages and mansions embowered in a plumage of graceful green.

Back again down the hill, past the old church; over the bridge that spans the lazy stream that erst gave life to the crumbling mill beyond; past scenes touched by the hand of fate or love; past the monument that commemorates a fortune

and a mistake; past historical mansions; and on and on through the lovely town, where still may be seen traces of a former race, and onward to "Sunnyside," the loved home of Irving.

It is a green, sheltered nook, just such a one as a person might expect to find him in and in love with. After inspecting the interior, including his study, we were treated to its history by Captain Finecut, who was probably indebted to the "Sketch Book" for it. Upon its site once stood the "Roost" of the famous Wolfert Ecker. It afterwards passed into the possession of Irving's father, and was enlarged and beautified by Washington Irving. It is a quaint affair, with its old weathercocks and crow-stepped gables, and its memories.

He pointed out, over the porch, the following inscription:

"Erected, anno. 1650. Re-Built by Washington Irving, anno. 1835."

The quiet Tappan Zee flows near at hand, the river he loved well enough to embalm in living prose; and the surrounding grounds are lovely in their diversity of wooded ravines and gentle undulations, shaded and flower-crowned, almost as he arranged and left them.

But enough in this serious vein, unless the reader will pardon a quotation from Irving's "Stafford-on-Avon." It seems so very appropriate that I run the risk.

"He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred of his early friends. And, when the weary heart and failing head begins to warn him that that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does an infant to its mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood."

CONFUSION AND DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE OLD DARKEY WHO HAD FASTENED HIS SCOW TO THE STERN OF THE "PORGIE" AS SHE LAY AT ANCHOR IN THE MOONLIGHT, AND WENT TO SLEEP UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE WAS GETTING A "TOW" UP THE RIVER.

He was speaking of Shakespeare; how great the truth, and how happily did it apply to his own case!

Back again to the Revere House from whence we started. The sun was losing itself to this part of the country, behind the western hills, as we discharged our driver and guide, and entered the bar-room. All hands appeared glad that the sentimental journey was over, although not one of us was there who had not enjoyed it very much.

Tom Bubble suggested refreshments, and we ranged ourselves before the high old-fashioned bar.

"What shall it be, gents?" asked Smith.

Tom gave the order in this way:

"Dear sir, we fain would partake of the distillation of potato, liquid crystal to the sense of vision and grateful to the olfactories by reason of juniper berries. Let there be a modicum of High Toast and the flavor of lemon about the concoction, that our parched throats may be moistened and our hearts remember you gratefully."

"Thunder and blazes, Mr. Boy, what's the matter?" asked Smith, starting back in utter amazement.

"Oh, bah! he only wants a gin-cocktail," growled Bitters turning away to hide his disgust.

"Yes, yes, gin-cocktails, that's the way we call them in Tarrytown," said the barkeeper, and in short order we were made happy.

Thanking him for his kindness, we left the place and started down towards the wharf to go on board the *Porgie*. Bleat met a young lady with whom he was acquainted. Such a glad mortal as he was! It was his first love in Tarrytown. She was from New York, and was attending school there. We ex pected a delay, and hailed him gently after we had passed on a few rods, and told him we were going to sail right away. He called John Stump to come to him, and requested him to say to

us that he had found a cousin, and was going home to dine with her; that he would meet us at West Point, going by rail.

This settled it and we rowed out to the yacht. It was by this time quite dark, but the jib was still up, fiuttering in a head-wind. As we stepped on board we aroused Baster, who had been meditating with his eyes shut, and he was quickly on his feet ready to receive us.

An old darkey had fastened his dug-out to the stern of our yacht, and had quietly gone to sleep. We disturbed him.

"What are you doing there?" asked the Captain

"Wa?" exclaimed thc old fellow, springing bolt upright, "oh, boss, 'cuse me, I was only getting a tow up de ribber."

"Getting a tow, oh? How long have you been here?"

"Well, 'bout an hour, I guess."

"And didn't you know the yacht was at anchor?"

"Goll—for—mighty, boss. See I's a little bline—no! Am she?" he asked, looking around.

"*Am she!*" and amid a loud roar of laughter that disappointed old dark paddled away towards a passing sloop, with a look of disgust on his face that would have turned sweet milk.

But, up came our anchor, and once more the white-winged *Porgie* spread her sails, and away she went, beating our way towards West Point.

TACK THIRD.

The shadows from the Highlands, behind which the sun had dropped, lay coolly upon the bosom of the waters, and scarcely a ripple disturbed the subdued mirror through which we were slowly gliding.

The breeze had died nearly out, and the yacht had every inch of canvass out as we stood over towards the opposite shore. Had the day been longer we should have crossed over to Nyack and visited the old Tappan House, the famous headquarters of Washington. But we had to go.

The scenery from Tarrytown, for fifty miles, is the most beautiful and romantic to be found fringing any river in the world, and the Sardine Club was composed of just the right material to appreciate it, and indeed, where is the person that cannot?

As we left Tarrytown the sun was far down behind the hills of the Highlands. The river, especially near either shore, was as placid as a tree-sheltered lake, and the hills seemed to be looking down into those crystal depths, proud of their reflected majesty; white-plumed pleasure-boats and the more sedate crafts of burden held up their wings to catch the uncertain breeze. Steamboats sped along like huge, mighty swans, and pompous tug-boats, like Bantam roosters, fretted and strutted about, and ever and anon, the voice of singers reached us from under the branches of the willows that dipped their graceful verdure in the silver and shadow of the river. The warm tints of a July sunset lent their borrowed colors to the scene, and garnished everything with a flood of beauty.

Night soon closed in and the steward summond us below for supper. This appeared to us all to be one of the most sensible moves of the day, for after our ramble there was not the

slightest doubt but that we were each provided with an appetite.

Then we came on deck to enjoy the beauties of the evening, and allowed our sailing-master, Tom Bubble, to go below and fill his compass, while Captain Finecut went to the wheel. The river widens as we approach Sing Sing, and a fresher and more accommodating breeze was now bellying the sails of the gallant *Porgie*, that now leaned over and bore her white breast deep into the rippling waters.

The moon was shining with light which almost equaled that of noonday, and the scene seemed to be touched and gilded by the wand of an enchanter. On one side of the river the hills looked down dark and forbidding, like grim sentries placed there to guard the entrance to this fairy-land, while on the other the cool light of evening's queen made those grand old hills stand out in all their beauty of bold relief and silvered fringe.

Now we sweep past Sing Sing, where unmusical rogues fret the bars of many a gloomy cell. It is a pretty place but for this scar of correction, and over the waters that glittered between us and the shore distant lights twinkled sleepily amid the foliage.

"Take a good look at those huge stone building, Bitters, and just imagine how you will feel when the scene is reversed, and you are looking out upon the river," said Tom Bubble, coming up from below, and again taking the wheel.

"Have we a jokist in our midst?" asked Bitters, with great concern.

"We see no joke," replied several.

"Oh! I wasn't certain but that Bubble was joking."

"That was good advice, Bitters, and wasn't intended for a joke," replied Bubble. "Stand clear!" he added, bringing the yacht about.

"Of what—your advice?"

"No, of the boom," said Bubble, laughing, as it swung around and knocked his tormentor's cap off.

"If your jokes hit as hard as your seamanship does, we should all stand clear."

The evening wore on and the breeze increased until it required the closest attention of Bubble and the "crew," Jack Stump, to sail the yacht; in fact, up to ten o'clock, all hands were required on deck almost continually, and a good share of hard work and some anxiety was indulged in by all, except the invited guest, of course. He was below, being above such things. But that invited guest came up as the breeze went down.

"What place is this here on the left?" asked Stump.

"This, this—let me see. Oh, this is Haverstraw."

"No, thank you, I'll take mine by the word of mouth," said Bubble, grinning all over his face and looking anxiously ahead.

"What?" we all asked, approaching him with some concern.

"Oh, I thought we were about having liquid refreshments, and some one asked me if I would *have a straw*, that's all," he replied, trying to look solemn.

"That is *all?* There was no *joke* intended?" asked Bitters.

"Not the slightest."

"Well, all right, then. But be assured, seductive youth, that had you confessed that you intended that for a joke, we should have thrown you overboard," replied Bitters, walking away.

"But what of Haverstraw?" asked Stump, still looking at the low line of brick-yards which marks the place and fringes its river front.

"Well, so far as history is concerned, it was at the house of one Smith (not John Smith, thank heaven!) that the traitor Arnold met Major Andre, and consummated the treason that came near changing the political fate of the whole world. It

BITTERS COMES TO GREIF AND BUBBLE SCORES ONE FOR HIMSELF.

was from this house that Andre started, in company with "Treason" Smith, to return to New York. We know what befel him at Tarrytown," said Captain Finecut.

"And there is another thing there," suggested Bubble.

"Which is it?" queried Bitters, again approaching him.

"*Bricks.* There is a brick-mine there, Bitters."

"Thank goodness that joke is not *mine.*"

"Ah, but that feeble pun is a child of yours."

"Yes, and only a short distance above there is a lime-mine."

"Yes, between here and Grassy Point."

"Nature appears to have distrusted her abilities up this way."

"Why so, Bubble?"

"Well, if she had not she would have furnished a house-mine at once, instead of placing the bricks in one place and the lime in another.

"Well, I suppose we shall have to put up with these things from Bubble," said Bitters, deprecatingly. "He is our sailing-master, and can send us to Davy Jones if he likes; but it's hard, very hard."

"Your bunk below is not so hard, perhaps," retorted Bubble.

"Perhaps you mean to insinuate that if I do not choose to stand your insane attempts at being funny, that I can go to bed."

"I didn't think you was so keen, Bit."

"Long suffering will make the dullest keen."

"Belay that chaffing," said the captain. "We are now getting into the Narrows, and, as the river winds abruptly, let Bubble have his whole attention for the yacht."

Bitters laughed and went below. I remained on deck with Captain Finecut, for the surrounding beauties wrought upon me like some spell of wierd enchantment.

The river in this vicinity is forced into narrow confines, and the hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, gather closer together and mock each other with their echoes. One above another they rose in the full moonlight as far as the eye could reach. On the heights there dwelt a light, and in the vales a shade. This outlined their forms, and there was just uncertainty enough in the filmy vail to hide the scars that nature marked them with at their birth.

Before rounding Grassy Point the river seems to come abruptly to an end, so sharp is the bend, and only a mile above

is Stony Point, a very interesting and picturesque spot. During the Revolution there was a redoubt on this point, and another on Verplanck's Point, the two commanding the entrance to the lower Highlands. It was here that Sir Henry Clinton commanded in person, and it was here that Mad Anthony Wayne led the desperate charge which recaptured the fort and its garrison, and marked an era in the war along the Hudson. Light-house and fog-bell now mark the spot where the fortress of Stony Point once stood, but the line of the old-time works can still be distinctly traced.

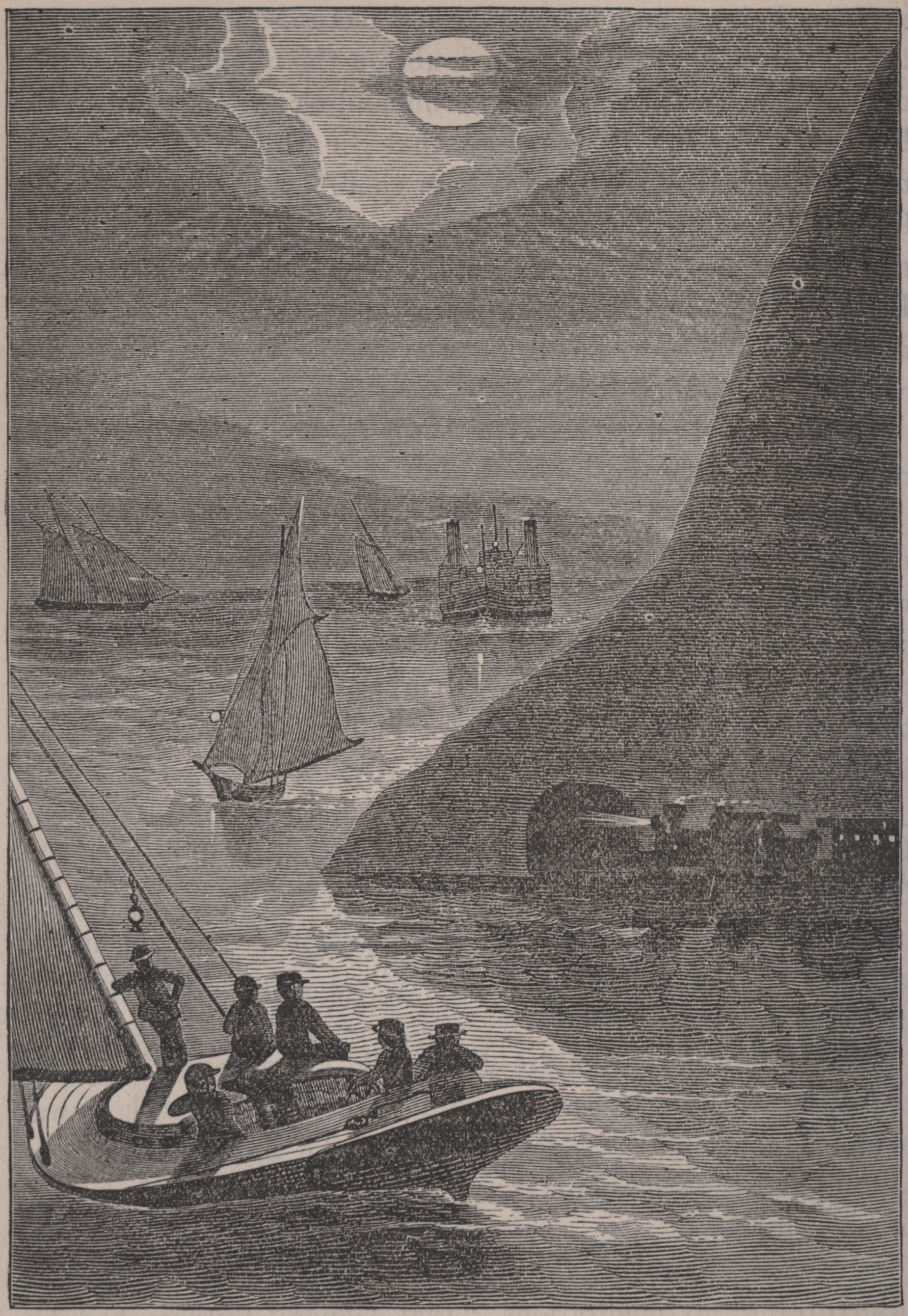
"The American flag waves here, General!" *Wayne's dispatch to Washington.*

Above Stony Point the hills grow higher, and the river narrower and more tortuous. Donderberg Mountain rises abruptly from the water, like a giant from his bath. Here, in summer time, the tempest, the storm, and the lightnings brood and mutter. It seems like Olympus, and the cloud-draped throne of Jove himself can almost be distinguished, by throwing forward the mind's eye prominently.

A startling incident or illusion chanced just after passing Iona Island. An express train came thundering along the banks of the river like a mad fiend of fire, and presently darted into a hole in the mountain and disappeared from sight like a creature of the imagination. Travellers remember this hole in "Anthony's Nose."

And now we are opposite Peekskill, famed for its beautiful brook, its thriving farmers, and its pretty maids. There was evidently husbandry in Peekskill, for the lights were nearly all out, and she slumbered there in serene virtue, in that flood of moonlight.

"It was here, during the Revolution," said Captain Finecut, interrupting my meditations, "that General Putnam had his headquarters, and it was from here that he wrote that famous



PASSING ANTHONY'S NOSE AT NIGHT. A TRAIN ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD PLUNGING THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

laconic letter to Sir Henry Clinton. Clinton claimed a spy who had been captured, as a British officer, and in reply he received this letter:

HEADQUARTERS, 7th August, 1777.

SIR—Edmund Palmer, an officer, in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

P. S.—He has been accordingly executed.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"I had the pleasure of seeing the original letter—that is, a copy of it made by Putnam himself," he added.

"It was a letter worthy of the man who wrote it."

"You are right. The oak tree on which Palmer was hung is still standing."

"And these hills—have they each a name?" I asked.

"Yes, but they ought to be ticketed at night in order to make them out. Yonder stood Fort Montgomery, and on the opposite side stood Fort Clinton. They were constructed during the revolutionary war. In fact, nearly every mountain and hill along the Hudson was honored with a fort of greater or less importance. These two forts were the scene of one of the most desperate contests in the whole war, and, had there been more men on our side, it might have changed the whole complexion of the war."

"Another military if."

"Yes, but in this case it was really too bad that one existed. Yonder you see Sugar Loaf Mountain. At the foot of this strange-looking mountain Arnold had his headquarters at the time of his treason, and from hence he embarked on the morning when his crime was discovered.

Heigho! the ghost of the past seemed hovering over us.

Tired nature got the best of us at length, notwithstanding the lovely night and the enchantment which the moon was weaving into a web about us. The wind for an honr two past had been fitful, thin and uncertain, and consequently we had made but slow progress. It was past midnight when we turned in and left the deck to Bitters, who had come up to relieve Bubble, and he and Stump were responsible, under the orders of the sailing-master.

Of course we passed many points of interest while thus courting tired Nature's sweet restorer. We did not know that a fresh breeze took the *Porgie* in its arms and sped her along at a gallant rate; neither did we know when we passed Buttermilk Falls, or Cozzens' Dock; but when the sails went down by the run, some time after *we* had gone down by the companion-way ladder, and the anchor-chain went rattling through the "eye," we were awakened and informed that we were opposite the dock at West Point But we slept on. The moon went down behind the hills, and the lull of slumber was brooding o'er the world.

It was quite late the next morning before Julius Baster disturbed our dreams, and then healed the wound by announcing an eye opener, and after that a breakfast of fresh bass, that he had bought of a fisherman, who, like the early bird, was out with his little worms in quest of bites.

At eleven o'clock we stepped ashore, ready to "do" West Point from toe to spine. Up to this time nothing had been seen or heard of Byron Bleat, and many jokes were indulged in at his expense while we were at breakfast.

Taking the omnibus, we rode up the hill, past the Riding-school, the Hospital and Academy buildings, over the parade-ground, where a class of cadets were being exercised in cavalry drill, and on to the West Point Hotel. Here we expected to find the first mate, but were disappointed; and so, dismissing our driver, we concluded to go on foot, under the guidance of

FLIRTATION WALK. "AS BITTERS HAD PREDICTED, THERE WE FOUND BLEAT, ENGAGED IN EARNEST CONVERSATION WITH A YOUNG LADY, AND SEEMINGLY OBLIVIOUS TO EVERYTHING ELSE, EVEN HER MOTHER."

Captain Finecut, in visiting places of interest and curiosity.

"I'll tell you what," said Bitters; "let us go down through Flirtation Walk, and if we do not find him there we may safely conclude that he has been choked to death by a pair of female arms, or that he has been reciting one of his poems to the natives, and they have brained him."

We humored Bitters, and went directly to the Walk. Sure enough, there we found him, in company with a young lady and and her mother. So engaged was he with her, and she with him (and the mother was evidently deaf), that he did not notice us until we were close upon him. Then he leaped to his feet, hurriedly kissed the young lady's hand and excused himself, after which he rushed up to where we had halted, shook all of us cordially by the hand except Bitters, and appeared to be really glad to see us.

"What's the matter, Bitters? Why do you refuse your hand?" he asked, after giving hurried particulars of his arrival by rail.

"Well, I don't think it best to encourage your style of lunacy," said he.

"Oh, I might have expected that of *you*. But come, let us return! You see," he continued, as we started to return from this lovely romantic Walk, "I arrived here last night; stopped at the hotel; heard that the *Porgie* was in this morning; started through Flirtation Walk to reach the wharf; met that beautiful girl and her ma; knew her—danced with her several times last winter—and,—well, you know how it is; she is very beautiful, as you saw, and I came near forgetting you."

All hands excused him but Bitters. "I wish to know one thing," said he, "and that is, if there is any intermediate stage between these amours on the part of our first mate and a confirmed lunatic?"

"I'm sure I don't blame him," said Bubble.

"No; I suppose not. Well, I shall have to nurse my own opinion to keep it warm. There is my hand, Bleat, and welcome. Go on in your mad career," he added, shaking hands.

"What mad career?" asked Bleat.

"Why, this falling in love with some pretty girl at every place we stop at. I am really sorry for you, Byron. I do not

borrow any trouble on account of the young ladies, for, of course, they only encourage you for practice; but the effect it may have on you is something I would guard against, being your friend."

"You are very kind, Bit.," replied Bleat, laughing.

"Gentlemen, let us begin here, as the first point of interest—the Dade Monument," said Captain Finecut, halting before the monument erected to the memory of the brave men who were killed in the Florida war, and whose dust has long since passed into the flowers of that beautiful land. "They fought until only three of their number remained. and yet they refused to surrender," he added.

"It was an act worthy of Leonidas," said Bleat.

"In-Dade it was," said Bubble.

Bitters proposed to strangle the punster, but cooler judgment prevailed.

After contemplating this sad marble memory for a few moments, we passed on by the path which leads to the plateau or parade-ground above. This led us to a flight of stairs which conducts the tourist into the peaceful precincts of Fort Clinton. This is not the fort of revolutionary days, but an improved one upon the same site.

"Gentlemen, this is the Kosciusko Monument, erected by a grateful republic in honor of one of the noblest men who ever drew a sword in the name of freedom."

We uncovered, and walked around it.

"'And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell,'" quoted Bleat.

"Did he fall here?" asked John Stump, repeating a very stale joke, but never suspecting it was anything of the kind.

"No; but here is where Freedom stood when she shrieked,'" said Bubble, laughing all over himself.

"Gentlemen, levity is unbecoming Americans at such a shrine as this," said Finecut, earnestly.

ON THE PARADE-GROUND. RELICS OF THE REVOLUTION. REMAINS OF THE GREAT CHAIN THAT WAS STRETCHED ACROSS THE RIVER BY GENERAL PUTNAM IN 1777. WEST POINT HOTEL IN THE DISTANCE.

"That is so," put in Bitters; "and that we may be made sufficiently melancholy, I propose that Bubble attempt something funny."

A collective frown extinguished Bitters.

From the monument we walked through other parts of the fort, took a look at the various patterns of cannon (some

bursted, others condemmed for fear they would burst), at the torpedoes, mortars, and other splinterings from the forge of war.

Then we left the fort, and walked out upon the parade-ground. Near the West Point Hotel is a park of cannon captured during the Mexican War. There are over a hundred of them, all sizes, mostly of English make, and, like everything turned out from the Government arsenals of that trading nation, they are superb specimens of workmanship. If the work *with* them had been as good as the work *upon* them, it is doubtful if they would now be parked as trophies at West Point.

"And what is this?" asked Bubble, pointing to a large circle composed of huge links of a chain made of $2\frac{1}{2}$-inch square iron.

"This is the remains of that celebrated chain that Putnam and his compatriots stretched across the river, directly opposite to where we now stand, in 1777. It was intended to prevent the British from sailieg up the river to molest our shipping and baby forts, and also to prevent a junction of the respective forces of Sir Henry Clinton, from New York, with those of Burgoyne, who were operating in the northern part of the State.

"Ah! but the Gates of Saratoga prevented that junction," said Bubble.

"That is so; but, nevertheless, it showed the proper military spirit on the part of those who commanded on the Hudson."

"So we may safely say that this was a *guard-chain*," hinted Bubble, looking cautiously at Bitters.

"Yes; a guard-chain to the watch on the Hudson."

I fear I perpetrated the above, but no notice was taken of it, save by Bubble, who always sympathized with anything of the kind.

"Glorious links in the destiny of a nation!" said Bleat, fondling them affectionately.

ON THE PARADE-GROUND, LOOKING NORTH. THE MORTAR BATTERY, WHERE THE YOUNG AMERICAN IDEA IS TAUGHT TO SHOOT.

"Let us move on! These fellows are becoming temporarily insane," said Bitters, starting away.

"Below is the seige battery, where the cadets practice," said Finecut, pointing to it.

"What do they do there?" asked Stump.

"Do?" interposed Bitters; "they teach the young idea how to *shoot*."

At this Bubble laughed as though he would wag his head off and fracture his windpipe.

"Do you see that, Bitters?" said Bleat (remember to pronounce this Ble-at; the young man is very particular). "Bubble laughs at your jokes, and you ridicule him when he attempts one."

"Oh, Bub. will laugh at anything, almost. I really believe that he would laugh at a funeral," replied Bitters.

"Why so?"

"Because he laughs at his own nonsense."

By this time we had moved a few rods in a westerly direction. The view from here is lovely beyond comparison. The pretty village of Cold Spring, just opposite, while beyond, the town of Newburg appeared to be on the opposite side of the river from what it actually was, owing to another sudden bend, as the tide sweeps around old Butter Hill, or Storm King, and makes up toward Cornwall, now hidden from view. Hill rises above hill, mountain above hill, and all above the water, whose crystal depths treasure their shadows and receive their tributes.

"Here we are, gentlemen, standing before the monument erected to the memory of Colonel E. D. Wood, of the corps of engineers, who fell while leading a charge at the sortie of Fort Erie, Canada, on the 17th of September, 1814. He was a gallant soldier, beloved by all. This monument was erected by his friend and comrade, Gen. Jacob Brown. He was a pupil of this institution, and died in honor of his country."

"And yet how few ever heard of him, or would know what his merits were, did they not read them in this epitaph!"

"But what did Columbia say to him?" asked Bubble, beginning to grin.

"What did she say?"

"'You acted as a noble soldier Wood,'" replied Bubble.

"This is really too bad, gentlemen! It is not only disrespectful to the dead, but an infliction upon the living."

ON THE PARADE-GROUND, LOOKING NORTH-WEST. THE STATUE OF GENERAL SEDGWICK.

But we paid no attention to their little differences, and kept on our walk until we came to the statue of Gen. John Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Army Corps during our late unpleasantness, and fell gloriously at Spottsylvania Court-house.

"Now, suppose we take a walk," said Captain Finecut.

"A walk! Where to?

"Up yonder hill, to the ruins of old Fort Putnam. To visit

West Point without going to Fort Putnam would be the height of folly."

"True; but is not that folly on the height?" asked Bubble.

"There will be folly on the height if *you* ever reach it," put in Bitters.

"Well, let's go."

This being agreed to, we started along the road that leads past some of the officers' quarters and overlooks the village in the vale below, and the cemetery on a slight elevation beyond, where Scott and other heroes are sleeping in the memory of their countrymen; and on we passed until, turning to the left, we entered the old military road that leads up the hill, and, winding around Mount Independence, brings one directly to Fort Putnam.

This old road is still in good condition, even that part of it built by Putnam and the hardy sons of Massachusetts in 1777. There can be no doubt but this fort was looked upon as an important point, and everything that pertained to it was built in the most thorough manner.

Up the road we plodded, and, after getting up in the world about a thousand feet, we entered the ruins of one of the noblest structures that time has left us of the days of the Revolution.

It is indeed a grand old relic, and must have taken much labor and material to construct it. It is built on a solid rock, of stones, bricks, and mortar, rising on the western side nearly one hundred feet from the valley below. On the opposite side the walls are still thirty or forty feet high, built of the same material, and four large casemates built of brick, the arches of which still remain nearly as good as they were in the days that tried men's souls. The bricks are perfect, and so is the masonry of the immense arches, in each of which there is a port-hole for sharpshooters.

It is a stronghold, even to this day. But how little we appreciate the toil and the trouble consequent upon the building of this grand old work! History informs us that, in the absence of any appropriation by Congress, the officers often put their last shilling into the work, rather than havə it stop for lack of funds, and it was built almost entirely by voluntary contributions from the patriots in the immediate neighborhood.

"And here Washington, Putnam, Wayne, Clinton, Kosciusko and Arnold have stood," said Bleat.

Well, all that has passed away, and to-day we, the sons of those sires, stand upon the ruins of their works, and go back in thought over those struggles and those hard-earned victories. On this spot labored and fought "Old Put" and his fellow patriots. Here commanded Benedict Arnold; these stones have felt the impress of his fiery tread, these hills echoed the scorn of his seducton and apostacy. Here the brave Pole, Kosciusko, fought for this country, and dreamed of the hour when his own should be free; and here centre a thousand historical associations and memories.

The view from the fort is the finest on the river. For fifty miles around the eye takes in village and hamlet, hill and dale, farm and stream; and it seems to be utterly a work of the imagination to believe that these peaceful scenes ever echoed to the dread clangor of war, or that these green fields were ever trodden by hostile armies. But it will not do to indulge in the pleasures of imagination or reverie, for there is enough of the real to occupy our minds, and the record of it will fill all of the space we have to spare.

We each of us took a piece of the stone composing Fort Putnam, for relics, and retraced our steps through the magnificent forest road that led us back again to the Academy and its immediate surroundings. By this time the boys were pretty well blown, and so we went to the hotel. Here Bubble, who

was a proficient in the deaf-and-dumb or sign language, ordered a bottle of wine without saying a word; and without saying a word we drank it, and went away leaving the impression that we were a party of deaf, dumb, and thirsty mutes.

From here we crossed the parade-ground, and went over to the Academy.

"What little place is that, just across the river?" asked Stump, pointing opposite.

"That is Garrison's Landing," said Finecut.

"It's a little place, but it's a great place for *fish*," said Bub. ble, carelessly.

"What do you mean by that, Bub.?" asked Bitters.

"Why, Hamilton Fish resides there. See? Great place for Fish—joke, eh?

"*Joke!* Heaven save the mark! What inflictions will come upon us next?"

We all gave up the conundrum, and entered the Library. This is really a splendid building, and contains some very fine historical portraits, together with a valuable library open to the public. The librarian is a courteous gentleman, and spares no pains to show and entertain the visitors who go to inspect the place. And it is worthy of a visit, and a long one, too, for the most valuable scraps of American history are here enshrined and protected.

From the Library we went over to the Museum. Here we encountered a company of cadets, in their tasty uniforms, out for a drill. He we met several of the brass-mounted professors, gray in service and honored by the learned in every land. This is really where the young idea is learned to shoot, and ride, and fence.

The Museum is not what it ought to be, or what it would be if members of Congress served the country more than they do the—the members of Congress. Nevertheless, it is worthy of

a visit, and an hour or two may be spent here among the relics of the past. General Scott and the early pupils of the institution appear to have done the most towards making it what it is even, solely by personal contributions.

The tattered, ball-riddled battle-flags borne on the gallantly contested and victorious fields of Mexico, and those borne by the regular army during the late war, are suspended here, with the names of the fields inscribed upon them. They are sorry sights; not enough of them altogether to dry even the tears which memory awakens in the eyes of the widows and orphans of both wars. Poor, tattered remnants of man's weakness and ambition!

There are also sections of captured flag-staffs, brass-bound and held as relics; and there are specimens of shells and projectiles for small arms. There are a few specimens of old and modern arms, but nothing compared with what there should be. No one will question but what there ought to be a specimen of every arm that has ever been used in modern warfare, together with as many ancient ones as could be collected. But the War Department evidently thinks differently, or is convinced that the collectors of private museums pay more liberally than do ungrateful republics for such articles.

One or two "original scalps," and the war-dress of an Indian chief, are probably considered, by the powers that be, in the light of luxuries, and as such they are conspicuously displayed. But, after all, there is much pleasure and profit to be extracted from this "virtuous-poor" museum, and, while wishing for more, one can learn much from what there is, and imagine that some day there will be more, and a more enthusiastic Secretary of War.

But we had spent quite time enough in West Point, and concluded to go on board our yacht again for further progress and instruction.

This resolution was at once acted upon, and we walked down to the wharf, past the hospital, the stables—where there are some very fine horses, and the riding-school, where there is often some very fine horsemanship displayed.

Good by, West Point! The white wings of the *Porgie* are again spread to the breeze, and away we go, past Cold Spring, up and around old Butter Mountain to Cornwall, one of the finest and most romantic places on the Hudson. Here at least five thousand persons, mostly New Yorkers, who summer in this delightful and select place, and some very fine summer residences, are to be met with.

A person gets but a poor idea of the beauty and extent of the place as seen from the landing. Beside a beautiful mountain stream a fine road leads up the hill to the town, five hundred feet above the level of the river.

But we were now afloat and must continue our journey. We were resolved to spend the Fourth of July at some old-fashioned place, where patriotism could be partaken of in all its spread-eagleisms and pristine purity.

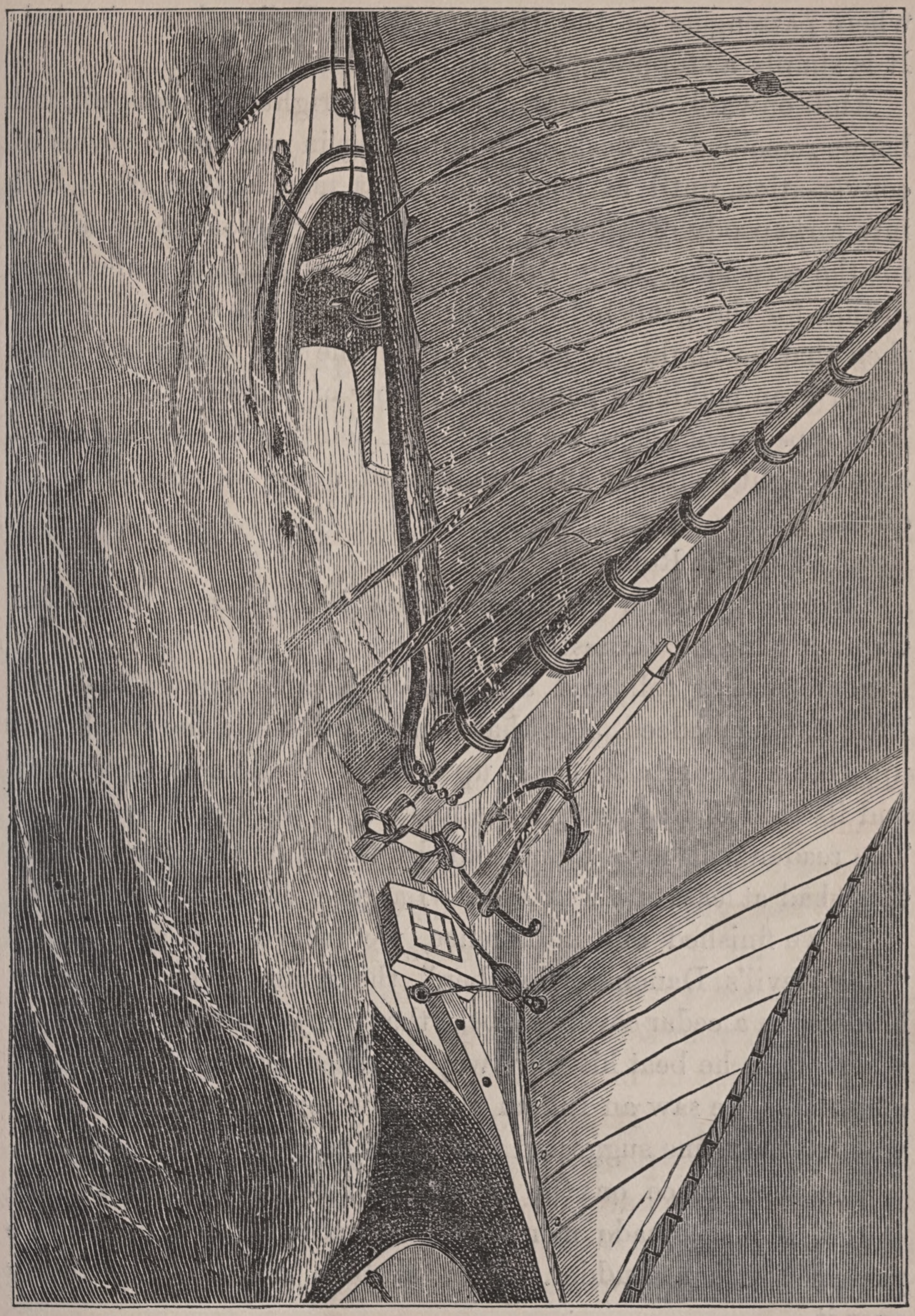
TACK FOURTH.

Once out upon the river expansion, here called Newburgh Bay, we had more sailing-room and a better wind even than we had enjoyed up from West Point. In fact, there was almost too much of it, for the *Porgie* swept along with her gunwale under water most of the time, and was making good ten knots an hour through the mountain-shadowed water of the ever-glorious Hudson—sailing through the sublime onward to the picturesque.

We were determined to make a good run now and give our beautiful yacht the benefit of the breeze. As we approach the beautiful city of Newburgh, rising in natural terraces from the river, the first object that meets the patriotic lover's eye is the old Washington Headquarters, a time-honored relic whose roof slopes almost to the ground, and by whose side a flag-mounted staff marks and guards the place. It was here that Washington met the officers of the army, who, after the war became restless and discontented with the way events were shaping, and who wished to make the government a military one, with Washington at its head. It was here he met them, and, adjusting his glasses that he might read their resolutions, he said, "you see, gentlemen, that I have not only grown gray, but blind in your service." And it was this bit of pathos that broke the spirit of insubordination and made our republic.

Glorious relic! Happy city that possesses it! Newburgh is one of the finest places on the Hudson, and with its railroad and steamboat connections, there is a future for it that any place might envy. We swept past it with feelings of regret that we could not stop and pass a few hours within its bustling precints.

Opposite, and connected by a ferry, is Fishkill Landing,



IN NEWBURGH BAY. THE "PORGIE" IN A BLOW WITH ALL THE WIND SHE WANTS.

where passengers on the Hudson River Railroad are landed. It is simply a stopping-place—indeed, a landing.

And onward we swept, like some frightened sea-gull, all hands remained on deck, and, indulging in our varied styles of conversation, until at length our first mate, Byron Bleat, fell into a rhapsody of quoting and composing heroic verse fitting for the occasion. Even Bitters did not attempt to molest him in this, for the wind blew so freshly that it was only now and then that he could be heard; in fact, he was doing but little better than making a pantomimic show of himself. At length he stopped near where we stood, and pointing to a little hamlet on our right (without any intention of doing so, probably), he quoted:

"And this is Rome—"

"No, sir; you are mistaken. That is *Carthage*," remarked Captain Finecut, earnestly.

Some smiling followed this, and it became known that the little hamlet, indeed, bore that name; and while the ripple was up, Julius Baster also came up with the well-know silver tray and its load of tiny cut glasses filled with the Club's weakness. The reader will have found out by this time that the Sardine Club had at least one weakness. Larger clubs have larger ones.

As we finished our indulgence, we tacked and swept past "The Devil's Dancing Chamber," the name given by Henry Hudson to a cedar-covered rock that projects into the river, whereon, as he beat his slow way of discovery up this river of mountains, he saw an Indian pow-wow for the first time. No wonder the name suggested itself to him.

The next place on the east side of the river is New Hamburgh, a place made memorable by railroad slaughter. We passed it with a shudder. Even Bubble refused to be funny over it.

A freshening breeze still forced us on, and with light hearts

we plunged through the ripples and the shadows which the grand old mountains threw over the water. As we passed Hampton Point, on the same side—in the same block, in fact, as The Devil's Dancing Chamber, we could but notice the beautiful crop of white cedars which cover the mountains with their cones of beautiful green. There is nothing left by the pruning-knife of science that compares with their graceful proportions. Just above this natural garden is Marlborough, a pretty, quiet mountain underling.

Here we pass Barnegat on the east, and on the west the Shawangunk Mountains reach away in the distance towards the haunted Catskills. Where is there a scene more beautiful and grand? Where does nature open so many and varied volumes of poetry?

"And this is Milton," said our Captain, as we approached that quiet little townlet.

"Mute, inglorious Milton!" whispered Bleat.

"Not much," suggested Bubble. "It may be mute in some respects, but it is the loudest place in the country for raspberries and blackberries."

"But that is not so wonderful as a place called Coram, on Long Island. They have blackberries there all the year around," said she "crew," John Stump.

"What is that, Stump? Are you in earnest?" asked Bitters.

"To be sure I am. I have seen them in midwinter."

"Raised in hot-houses?"

"No; lowered into cold ones."

"What are you driving at? Don't make us fear that we have another jokist on board. What do you mean."

"Why, the negroes die there as they do everywhere, and at all seasons of the year; and of course their funerals are what might be called *black buryings*. See?"

A shout of laughter followed, for it was the first joke that

IN THE CABIN OF THE "PORGIE." TURNING IN, BLEAT ADMIRING THE SHADOW OF HIS LAST CONQUEST.

Stump had ever been known to perpetrate. As for Bitters, he appeared to be completely dumbfounded.

"And this from our crew, plain John Stump! Well, well! What misfortunes may not befal us now! We had become used to the inflictions of Bubble, and some of us even felt cheerful in spite of his jokes; but to find another viper in our midst is too much. Baster! what ho! bring us something that will enable us to brace up against our sorrow."

"Yes, sah. What shall it be?" asked the steward, appearing, like a black spectre, from below stairs.

"Anything that has nepenthe in it."

"We arn't got none of dat yer, sah; but I have got some absinthe."

"Well, give me, at least, a good dose of that."

"Yes, sah," and he vanished.

By the time we had all recovered from the effects of Stump's little pleasantry, we were off Locust Grove, the residence of the late Professor Morse. In spite of the towering hills we were enjoying a spanking breeze and were making excellent time, the *Porgie* never showing a cleaner sweep than now; and when we came up from supper we found ourselves approaching Poughkeepsie, the Queen City of the Hudson, the generous, throbbing heart of rich old Dutchess County. Probably no city in the world enjoys so may ways of spelling its name as this one does; and for this, and other good and sufficient reasons, we drew nearer and went ashore

It is certainly one of the brightest, liveliest places in America, and a denizen of New York scarcely feels other than at home amid its earnest bustle and its city-like appearance generally. If I only had the space, I would like to take the reader all over the city; up to Vassar College (this is not a brewery, although the offshot of one), the water-works, military schools, fine residences, beautifully shaded streets, grand old elms, memorials, in short, to all of the many places of interest which go to make Poughkeepsie the Queen City of the Hudson.

We went ashore and rode up town—*up*, indeed, for the main business portion of the place lies several hundred feet above the river. We called on a few friends and had a good time generally, for they are a hospitable people, and "take strangers in" in a way that makes them feel comfortable and entirely at home.

Our first mate was not satisfied, however. He wanted to

dawn upon Vassar College and wring the hearts of those lonely students, and when told that he would not be admitted, he asked to be taken to within a few rods of it, pretending that a visit to Poughkeepsie without going to the college was a failure and a hollow mockery. But we knew what he wanted. As yet he had captured no female heart in this city, and he felt as though it had been a waste of time.

We enjoyed ourselves hugely for an hour or so, and had our spirits been as weak as our flesh was we should have yielded to the seductive invitations that greeted us on all sides to spend the "Great and Glorious," there, ample preparations for which were being made on all sides. We finally yielded enough to be driven over to see the progress of the work on the great railroad bridge that is to span the river at this place, and we nearly came to grief through the excessive kindness of our Poughkeepsie friends, because we acknowledged that it would be a greater triumph than the East River Bridge, building to unite New York and Brooklyn.

But we were bound up to Athens, opposite of sleepy old Hudson, to participate in the celebration of the Fourth, and had to hurry away from this delightful city much sooner than we wished to. One of our objects in stopping at Poughkeepsie was to procure a supply of fire-works, that we might be enabled to do our share towards making the day noisy and smoky; and having secured these, we again went on board our yacht and continued our journey up the river.

Of course, being highly pleased with our flying visit, we all felt in excellent spirits, especially Bubble. As the white wings of the *Porgie* caught the piping wind and we sped on our way rejoicing, Tom appeared to have something of a burdensome nature on his mind; and knowing that he was anxious to give vent, I sided up to where he stood by the wheel, and spoke encouragingly to him.

"What is it, Tom?"

A loud guffaw followed, and it really seemed as though the poor fellow would unjoint his spinal column with his laughing contorsions.

"What is the matter with Bubble?" asked the captain.

"Be careful, Cap. He has probably conjured up a joke or a conundrum, or something of that kind," said Bitters, who had approached with the others. "Let him alone and he will get over it in time."

"No, no," said I, "let us have it; he has got it on his mind, and it may make him temporarily insane if he does not give it vent."

"And is it worse that he should become mad by retaining his fearful jokes than that he should drive the rest of us mad?" asked Bitters, with intensity of feeling.

"Oh, never mind. What have you on your mind, Bubble?" I asked, encouragingly.

"Well—ha! ha! ha! I have a conundrum," he said, between his spasms of laughter.

"I thought so, I thought so. Gentlemen, you refused to be warned by me; now take the consequences," said Bitters.

"What is it, Bubble? Put it to us gently."

"Well—ha! ha! ha!—why is Poughkeepsie like New Haven?"

"What?" we all asked, and he repeated it.

"Give it up," we replied.

"I'll tell you why Poughkeepsie is like New Haven," said he, bracing up to the effort, "*Because dar Vas-sar College there.*"

For a moment we were stupefied; such a conundrum had never been exploded before—nay, not in Israel, or anywhere else. Bitters shrugged his shoulders in a very Frenchy way, as much as to say, I told you how it would be, and one by one we shook hands with each other and turned away. Some even

mopped their eyes in search of imaginary tears, but slowly and sadly we turned away and left him alone in his glory—left him to the ignominy of doing his own laughing.

The breeze was driving us on at a rattling rate, and one after another we passed Hyde Park, with its fine residences and magnificent drives, Esopus Island, Rhinebeck Landing, the city of Kingston, the Deserted Village; Rokeby, the residence of W. B. Astor; Barrytown—the place Andrew Jackson refused to grant a post-office to on account of his hatred for its name-sake; then Cruger's Island, then Tivoli (where we refreshed once more, by Baster's help, in honor of the event of having reached one hundred miles from New York) Saugerties, Malden, Clermont—the original manor of the Livingstons, and in whose honor the first steamboat was named, and where she halted on her first trip up the river; Four County Island, the corner point made by Dutchess, Columbia, Greene and Ulster counties; Germantown, and also the "Man in the Mountains," as well as "Round Top," the highest point of the Catskills, Livingston, Catskill; and then we hove in sight of Hudson, a city that should be to Columbia County what Poughkeepsie is to Dutchess County—but it isn't.

Well, after a thirty-mile run that equalled steamboat time, here we were abreast of time-honored Hudson. The river is quite wide here, and the scenery somewhat monotonous, and the spirit of it appears to have fallen upon the people hereabout. I had visited the place twenty years before, but now I saw the same ruts that were patronized then. Not a new mark made (unless some person had got tired and occasioned the digging of a grave), and the same sleepy, dreamy influence still hovering over the whole neighborhood.

There is some little life about the docks and the depot, but as a general thing the advent of a stranger in town creates the only sensation of the day. Farmers come in from the sur-

rounding country with their produce for market and their pretty girls for shopping, and these advents and exits constitute almost the entire life of Hudson. A stranger there feels that he is really one, and misses that frankness and genuine hospitality that he finds in brisker and more wide-awake towns. It is the shire-town, the storehouse and tying shed for the rich farmers of Columbia County, and—and that is about all.

But as Athens, on the opposite side of the river, and on the edge of another county (which it is Greene), was our object point, and here all the interest of our stop centered We remained only a short time in the Sleepy City—in fact, all those who took an interest in the celebration of the Nation's Birthday were sculling or drifting across the river to the classic precints of Athens, where a great blow-out was to be had on the morr

We anchored near "Swallow Rock," on which the steamboat *Swallow* was run to her ruin in the early days of steam-paddling on the Hudson, and prepared to take a hand in, early the next day.

All necessary preparations were made during the evening, and our saluting gun was hoisted out and given a good charge for an early discharge, and afterwards we draped our rigging with the flags of all nations, reserving a place at the peak for the Stars and Stripes, which was to receive our early salute, just so soon as we could discern it "by the dawn's early light."

We retired early, and so did Athens. We arose early, ahead of Athens; at least our steward did, and we were startled from our dreams more or less pleasant by the thundering of our gun. Baster was giving it to the little brass dog, right lively, and it barked loudly, joining its echoes with those resounding from the hills, and as it proved to be the loudest mouth-piece that the Goddess of Liberty had in those parts, the *Porgie* was very soon the centre of attraction. All kinds and degrees of floats

SALUTING ATHENS. THE "PORGIE" WITH HER FOURTH OF JULY DRESS ON.

sailed or paddled around us, and the shore was lined with patriots, curious to know what craft it was whose gun was out-thundering the great guns of Athens.

Cæsar Baster was never so much in his glory as now. By common consent he was allowed to boss the job of saluting the starry flags with which our craft was gaily decked and which gleamed in the morning light in several places on shore. Those who gathered around to see the sights and hear the sounds centered all their admiration on the steward, and many of them believed that his dark complexion was wholly occasioned by the smoke of the burning powder, and to show how they sympathized with his noisy enthusiasm some of the crowd would fire a musket or set off a firecracker every time that Baster fired our cannon. Thus it will be seen that the day at Athens opened amid wild excitement and great promise.

Athens is no slouch of a city. It is a cool place. The people never get excited, unless it is upon the Fourth of July, on account of there being so many ice-houses there. In fact, they don't raise much of anything but ice there, and they raise that crop by machinery, just as other enterprising farmers do. They are a keen-scented people, and can tell by the temperature of the water in August, or by the .thickness of the hickory-nut shell, or the length of a cabbage stump, or the yell of a hungry crow, or the length of a lamb's tail, or the squeal of a pig, by the crow of a cock or the lay of a speckled hen, just how thick the ice will freeze during the coming winter.

But it happened on this particular occasion that the people of this goodly place were bent upon celebrating the Fourth as it had never been celebrated there before, and this is why we resolved to be near, and, if possible, assist in every way we could. There was to be a parade of the local military—the Athenian Boners, a new company which had never yet paraded in public; and the authorities had arranged to have a dinner in

the Grove, at a dollar a head, to which was to be added the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and an oration by Rufus Webster Clay Smith, a young lawyer who had just graduated and opened shop in Athens, where he vowed to make his mark and bring honor upon every iceman and woman in the place, or perish abjectly in the attempt.

Long after the sun had risen and created a demand for spruce-beer and other smart drinks, did the young Athenians keep up the firing of crackers and pistols at reasonable intervals, or just often enough to keep the general patriotism awake; and at ten o'clock the sounds of a six-piece brass band told that the Boners were on the point of making a dash for fame. Leaving the yacht in charge of Baster, we went ashore to "assist."

We were already in receipt of an invitation to take a part in and of that municipal dinner, and were, of course, expected to join in the procession and help earn it. That procession we found already in motion, headed by the Grand Marshal of the day, mounted on a horse that evidently had no ear for music. But both rider and horse held their heads well up, and each appeared to feel the great weight resting upon him.

Then came the Athens fire department, headed by Morton Steamer No. 2. A young lady from Lime Street was seated on the smoke-stack, dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, and actively engaged in worrying the resistance out of a cent's worth of chewing-gum. Think of the effect—the Goddess of Liberty chewing spruce gum! This company was followed by the Bare-footed Firemen of Athens; and, as they stirred up the dust of Ferry Street, they made a fine display.

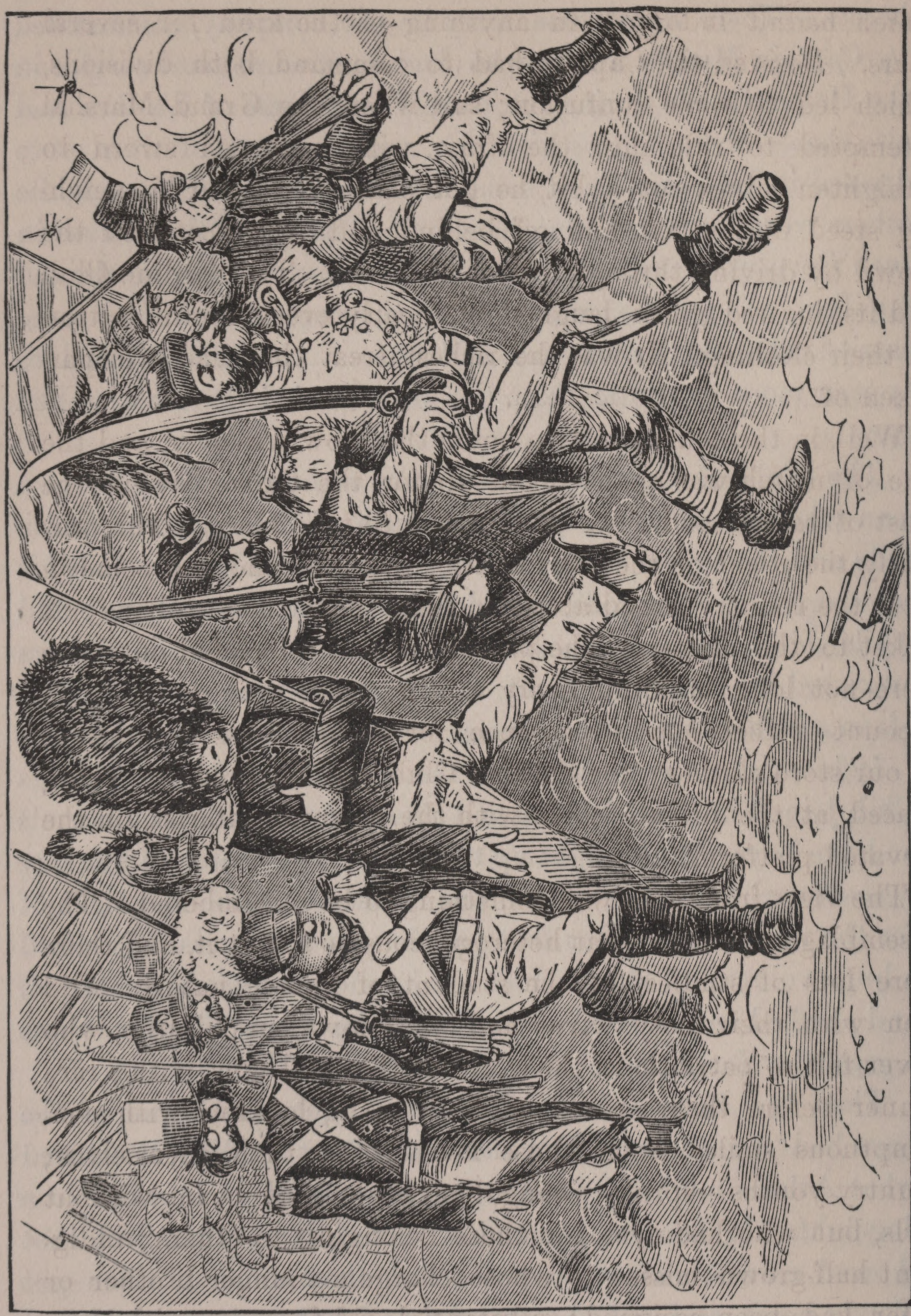
Next came the band, and following it, in individual order, came the ferocious Boners. As yet they had not received a regular uniform, and consequently were dreseed very much as they marched, each according to his own ideas of military

heroes. There were some sixty in the company, commanded by Captain Muzzle, a man who had seen some hard service in the Home Guards during the Rebellion. Some of his men had also shared these honors with him, and now some of them were dressed in bear-skin caps, some in Continental uniforms, while others wore belts and plug hats, or had adorned themselves in such Revolutionary relics as could be procured among the old families. As for the arms, they were somewhat various; some carried rifles, some shot-guns, and one or two, who wished to appear more patriotic than the rest, carried double-barrelled guns.

The trials of Captain Muzzle were somewhat dreadful to a man who wished to enjoy the applause of the gathered multitude and the smiles of the ladies, for he was obliged to halt his company every few rods, in order to get them into shape; and while this was being done, the Marshal and band made matters awkward by marching right ahead. necessitating the sending of an *aide-de-camp* to stop them.

Influential citizens followed the military, and the Sardine Club joined in behind them, and ahead of the ordinary mortals and the boys who brought up the rear. The orator of the day was somewhere in the crowd, but he seemed to be lost sight of for the time being. But that parade was a success. It raised a huge volume of dust, which each one partook his share of, and shuffled and showed off all over the town. So far it was a great day for Athens.

Then the Boners had a hot sham fight, and some of the boys had a real one. But that sham fight! Well, it showed what Athens might depend upon in case of an invasion or a dog-fight. It became somewhat mixed, it is true, but that showed earnestness of purpose; and then some of them got bloody noses and poked stomachs, and not a few got kicked over backwards into the mud by firing old rusty muskets



THE FOURTH OF JULY PARADE OF THE "ATHENIAN BONERS."
MILITARY ENTHUSIASM ON THE HUDSON.

which hadn't indulged in anything of the kind for several years. Besides, the Captain had to command both divisions, which led to some confusion; and when the Grand Marshal attempted to ride into the fray with a drawn sword to straighten things out a bit, he got charged on, and his neighing steed discharged him off behind, and then scattered the crowd by driving through it towards home. The Sardine Club and its invited guest laughed off nearly every useful button on their clothing. It was the richest treat they had ever partaken of.

Well, in the course of two hours the show was over, and the line of march was again taken up for the Grove, where the feast of reason and flow of soul was to take place. This was really the event of the day; that is, to those who had come in from the country round about and had paid their dollar for a ticket to the dinner. The procession and interested outsiders were not long in filling every waiting seat; and probably on account of their good appearance (for we had dressed ourselves in our store clothes), the Sardine Club was honored by being placed at the private table with the town dignitaries, on the elevated platform.

The view from here was something to be remembered. The assemblage was somewhat heterogeneous, so to put it, and there were lots of studies for the student of human nature. Old men with their fussy wives and wonder-waken children, who never felt so patriotic in the world as they did now, with a rare dinner before them; perts of both sexes, looking with contemptuous smiles upon those more rustic than themselves; country youths—spruce young bucks who had come without girls, but who had eyes for those belonging to others; indignant half-grown misses, to whose charge a younger brother or sister had been assigned; substantial old farmers, with their wives and pretty daughters; men and women about town, all

dressed in their best, all patriotic, all hungry, everybody noisy;—such is a hurried sketch of the crowd before us on that occasion.

The Marshal rapped vigorously with a knife handle, and commanded silence, and, after repeating it and looking ugly at them for a moment, his orders were so nearly obeyed that a pistol-shot might have been heard. Then he introduced the chaplain. This quieted everybody but those who apparently didn't care about hearing grace said over food that they had not received. But this functionary had the good taste not to enter into particulars, and closing short, the Marshal again sprang to his feet, and essayed to speak a patriotic speeeh that he had evidently spent much time over.

But the crowd was in no humor for it then, and in the confusion which followed he forgot his part, and made the *amende honorable* by asking all hands to "take hold," and make it lively for their dollar's worth.

That was the way to talk; that was the eloquence they panted for, and they did "take hold" as though they meant to hold on. At all events, they held on for an hour, and until there was nothing else to hold on to but the dishes and table, and then they were ready for the speeches. The band struggled a few moments with "Hail Columbia," and then Mr. Hendricks, the reader of the Declaration of Independence, was introduced, and eloquented over that immortal document very acceptably, although several of the audience wanted to know what we were trying to kick up a row with England for, while others growled because it was the same thing as they had last year, and wondered why he didn't say something new.

After this the Marshal got up to introduce the orator of the day, and, thinking this a good chance to get in his own little speech, he again essayed it; but the excitement of the hour was too much for him, and again he forgot it, and while

vaguely floundering about among a lot of words, the crowd began to call for Smith, and the Marshal subsided into a square introduction of that gentleman.

Rufus Webster Clay Smith strode to the front. He was a character, and, liking him, the Sardine Club started a round of applause which almost lifted the young orator out of his boots. He was rather flighty at best, and this gave him an additional lift. In appearance he would have passed for a son of George Francis Train, and a chip of the old block at that. As for his oratory, he slung it around with frantic delight, and could evidently discount poor Train and give him chalks.

As there were a few marked passages in it, I will give them to the reader. His opening was rich, although somewhat flighty and shaky as to facts; but his object and nature seemed to be to work solely for effect, evidently believing that eloquence would cover up a multitude of other sins. He commenced thus:

"Fellow-citizens: Ninety-eight years ago to-day, at about this very hour, our illustrious forefathers put their fists to the immortal document you have just listened to. [Cheers by the Club.] My friends [glass of water and handkerchief], the spirit which indited that document hurled—hurled Richard III. from his throne, and waxed his minions on the heights of Bunker Hill. [Wild and untamed cheering from the crowd.] Yes, my friends, the spirit which framed that protest and declaration has awakened forests from their primeval slumber, built cities and towns, built railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, invented printing-presses, baby-jumpers, mowing-machines, ice-harvesters, self-made men, women's rights, and the rights of everybody. [Stamping.] It has made war upon the Indians, and successfully moved them along; it has joined state to state, territory to territory, until we now point to a domain shadowed by our beloved Stars and Stripes, that stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. [Cheers.] To-day that banner is respected by all the world; to-day that bird may justly be called the far-flying, high soaring, wide-stretching bird of all birds, cock of all walks, the bald-headed, double-gaffed American

OUR GLORIOUS SPREAD EAGLE. THE WONDERFUL FOURTH OF JULY ORATION OF RUFUS WEBSTER CLAY SMITH, AT ATHENS. THE ORATOR IN ONE OF HIS MOST STRIKING PASSAGES.

eagle. [Riotous applause.] Glorious old Thirteen! Your children stand before the world to-day possessed of larger cities, more ingenuity and speculative spunk, longer railroads and higher mountains, larger rebellions and louder guns, bigger corn-fields and more whisky, less law and more lager, more independence and less religion, faster yachts and more Mormons, higher water-falls and longer bridges, more panics and less scaring, bigger balloons und higher git-ups, more onions and less cologne, more lawyers and fewer preachers, prettier women and

more elopements, more patent medicines and less health, more money and greater defalcations, bigger debts and more cheek, larger newspapers and more of them, than any country on this or any other globe in the firmament!" [Here the audience became wild in their demonstrations of delight and broke several dishes.]

Farther on he said:

"Fellow citizens: The genius of American liberty and progress whispers in my ear, and tells me of greater things even yet; when women shall vote, the ocean be crossed by balloons, our rivers bridged, the whole world ours, and ice be in demand at ten cents an ounce. By the time our Centennial celebration comes around, the Star-spangled Banner shall wave triumphantly from the North Pole, and cast the shadow of its glories even to the broad rolling Amazon. [Applause, of course.] But, my friends, my strength is not equal to the pressure of eloquence that the memories of the day force upon me. Be not afraid of politicians or Cæsarism. In spite of the darkey or the delights of office, in spite of panics or sensations, we shall all continue to love our great and glorious country. We will love all those who love it, whether they come from the frozen North or the flowery South, whether Yank or Hoosier; fat or lean, rich or poor, they are our country's sons, and we will love them and their beautiful daughters."

At this point he hesitated for a drink of water, and the leader of the band, thinking he was through with his oration, struck up the Star-spangled Banner, and refused to be choked off. This disconcerted Smith, and he sat down in the Marshal's lap. As for the audience, they appeared to be divided as to the turn affairs had taken, some applauding, and others hissing, the whole being confusion worse confounded, and a confounded sight worse than that, even. But the Sardine Club were equal to the emergency; they had been asked to assist, and here was a chance. Finecut, Bleat, Bitters, and Bubble composed a very fine quartette, if they had a mind to sing, and *now* they felt like it. They took up the Star-spangled Banner, and sung it

as the Athenians never heard it sung before; and this restored order and made everybody jubilant. They even repeated it, at the request of everybody.

At the conclusion of the hymn, Smith evidently concluded that he had said enough, and refused to continue until next year. Then the Grand Marshal leaped to his feet, and resolved to put his little speech in; but misfortune appeared to be after him. Scarcely had he begun it before some one outside raised an alarm of fire, and the crowd rushed pell-mell into the street, leaving him standing there, his duties over with, and very much like a burned piece of fireworks. Down Ferry and Happiness Streets they rushed, never hesitating until they reached the Astor House. Those barefooted firemen were now bent on showing what *they* could do.

But there was no fire greater than the firing of a pistol or a toy cannon, after all. And so the people dispersed for lager and other attractions. A select company of ladies and gentlemen went on board the *Porgie*, and were entertained by the Club in right royal New York style. This gave at least two members of our party much delight—namely, our first mate, Byron Bleat, who had already gotten up a desperate flirtation with one of the young ladies, and Baster, the steward, who had a chance to show his science as an opener of green-sealed bottles, and entertaining the company to a regular breakdown, at which he was an artist.

Time passed pleasantly until sunset, when the guests retired, and the saluting gun, under Baster's nursing, was once more coughing its spleen against all tyrants in a grand salute, answering those on shore. And thus the day closed; and when the shadows of evening came, our fireworks drew the whole community to the water's edge, and for an hour kept the *Porgie* in a blaze of glory. Bombs, rockets, candles, wheels, set pieces and mottoes were displayed in great profusion, and when the

last piece exploded, and the glories of the day had faded from sight, the sails of the yacht were again hoisted, the anchor raised, and the *Porgie* started amid pleasant wishes to continue her journey to Albany.

As we glided away, the crowd on shore gave us three lusty, rustic cheers, and listened to us for some time afterwards as we sang "Marching through Georgia." Athens was left behind, and we had enjoyed a genuine homespun Fourth of July, of which this is but a sketchy description.

TACK FIFTH.

Away we go, bound to meet our friends at Albany without further delay.

On awakening the next morning, we found ourselves opposite Coxsackie, on the west side, and very naturally concluded, having run only eight miles during the night, that we weren't making steamboat time, or much of any kind. But it wasn't the *Porgie's* fault if the wind went somewhere else.

All things considered, we were feeling pretty well after our Fourth of July experiences, and after breakfast, when we were seated around, engaged in pulling smoke through rolls of tobacco, we even began to feel jolly and to comment on what we had witnessed the day before. The Sardines were themselves again, especially Bubble.

We had passed Stockport and Four Mile Point, besides several other places of lesser note, such as isolated farm-houses and scattered homesteads. But there being no wind, we began to think that we should have to fall back on our originality in order to kill time.

As for Coxsackie, we had all the time to contemplate it that we cared for. It is probably the deadest old place on the river. Those who feel a kindly disposition towards the place keep away from it, and contend that it isn't to blame for being such a one-mule town; no place could hope to amount to anything with such a name. It was given by the enraged Indians, who were trotted out of their possessions without getting paid for them. They had a terrible revenge.

We sailed near enough to see the place, and I noticed that it was almost exactly what it was twenty years before—only so much older. The old Bacchus Hotel was in view, and two or three sleepy citizens were fishing from the dock. The tavern

is (or used to be) the centre of attraction, and fishing is about the liveliest amusement they have there, save when some fellow gets money enough to get drunk and forget the quietude of the place. But, after all, it is said that there are worse places than Coxsackie; but it is a question whether the Coxsackie *News* will admit that this is true.

Opposite Coxsackie is Newton Hook, chiefly renowned for being on the opposite side of the river, and it feels big on that account.

Stuyvesant, on the same side—once called Kinderhook Landing—is a *passable* place, especially if you are going up or or down the river. Two miles farther up is Shadack Island, renowned for its corn—a kind of corn that cannot be converted into whisky, viz., broom corn. Bubble called it the scrubbing-brush of the Hudson; but you know Bubble will have his little joke.

The scenery along the river, from Hudson up to Albany, would be but ordinary were it not backed by the magnificent Catskill Mountains.

But we were drawing near Albany. The breeze freshened, and as the distant spires came in view we began to anticipate the reception in store for us, and to wish that the *Porgie* had all the wind she wanted. Captain Finecut had sent a telegram from Hudson to the President of the Stuffed Club, that we should, in all probability, arrive the next day.

We passed Coeymans, the old Indian fishing-ground of Shad Island. The Indians don't fish there now so much as they did. Nine Mile Tree, Castleton, Campbell's Island, Cedar Hill Dock, Stuart's Island, with its two hundred years old house, and now we were bearing bravely up towards Albany.

Thus we have sauntered along from New York to the good old Dutchy of Albany, stopping here and there, making a few friends and leaving mixed opinions behind regarding us; no-

ABOVE ATHENS. SWEEPING SLOWLY ALONG THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER TOWARDS ALBANY.

ting or commenting on other places, trying to enjoy ourselves and give the reader a good opinion of our party. But now we are soon to leave the river and deal for a while exclusively with the capital of the Empire State.

As we approached the dock a boat containing four or five persons shot out and came towards us. In all probability it contained our friends, and, as we were nearly in we let our jib go down, the speed of the yacht slackened, down went our

anchor, off went our saluting gun, and the *Porgie*, with her private signal and U. S. flag at the peak, swung around to the wind and lay still to her anchor. The boat from the shore approached.

"What yacht?" asked one of the boat's crew.

"The *Porgie*," replied Captain Finecut.

"What crew?"

"The Sardine Club, of New York."

"Good enough," was the response.

"Who hails?"

"The Stuffed Club, of Albany."

"Good enough again. Consider yourselves prisoners," said the leader, a stout good-looking man, as he leaped nimbly aboard from the boat now close alongside.

"Captain Finecut, I presume," said he, approaching our commander.

"Right! and this—"

"Jack Hastings, President of the Stuffed Club."

"I am glad to meet you. Permit me to make you acquainted with Byron Bleat, William Bitters, Tom Bubble, Jack Stump, the entire membership of the Sardine Club. This is our invited guest," he continued, introducing me.

"Most happy! And now, my friends, allow me to introduce you to three other representatives and officers of our club, Jakey Cuyler, 'Doc' McNoughton, and Jack Clow. We acknowledged the honor.

"Now, gentlemen," continued Mr. Hastings, "as soon as it suits your convenience to go on shore, we are yours truly, instructed to present you to other members of our club, and guide you to our hospitalities."

Captain Finecut assured them that we would soon be ready, and just then, as if by magic, our steward, Julius Baster, came from below with a bottle of champagne in its cooler, and with-

AT ALBANY. A COMMITTEE FROM THE STUFFED CLUB COME ON BOARD TO TAKE US ASHORE. ENJOYING A LITTLE GREEN SEAL, PREPARATORY.

out a word he proceeded to assist in its escape into about a dozen beautiful goblets. Then followed mutual healths five fathoms deep, together with individual toasts a trifle shallower, may be.

We were very much pleased with the way things began to pan out, and were soon ready to disembark.

Two carriages were in waiting for us at the dock, and, proceeding to occupy them, we were whirled away towards the Delevan House, were we found a parlor set apart for our especial use, together with apartments in that famous hotel for each individual member of the club.

In this parlor, awaiting our coming, we found several members of the Stuffed Club, among whom were Abe Davis, sometimes known as the "Big Chief;" S. H. H. Parsons, Billy Steel, Charley Steel, John Patterson, J. W. Robe, Billy Moak, proprietor of "Cobweb Hall;" "Cap" Davis, known among his friends as "Piper Heidsick;" G. W. Vinton, the renowned recitationist, strong on the fit of his clothes; Tom Stephens, Phil Parks, John Stewart ("Old Clo'"), E. S. Near, John M. Clow, the hero of "those fish-balls;" John W. Rankin, "Elephantine Shoes;" Billy Monks, the dispenser of tickets on the Central R. R.; Gus Bowers, Max. Balton, Ed. Leonard, Edward Martin Parker, the sweet singer; D. D. Doncaster, George E. Latham, the gallus fire-laddie; the spouter, Patrick Henry Shaw; the political heavy, Geo. Ganto; J. H. Bunn, conductor on the R. and S. R.R.; "Tight" Sheldon, and many more whose names I have forgotten.

It was a jolly party—one of the jolliest I remember ever having seen, and the feast of reason and the flow of soul resembled a freshet very much.

Everybody congratulated his neighbor to the extent of his ability, and for half an hour we were "buzzed" in a very entertaining manner.

At last the President of the Stuffed Club rapped with his cane as a signal for order, and then he proceeded to deliver the following:

"Gentlemen: We have become pretty well acquainted with our guests by this time, and yet, so far as appearances go, we are yet wrongly named—a misnomer, so to speak. We are an empty, not a stuffed club. I am informed that an opportunity is now presented whereby we can show our friends that we are emphatically what we seem. A dinner has been prepared by the proprietor of this hotel, and I now propose we move upon his works, and take our guests along with us. What say the party? Shall we move?"

"I move we move," said somebody.

"Let's move!" was the general shout. We fell in.

The result of that falling-in was a movement towards a private dining-room, where we found a magnificent repast in waiting for us.

Such scenes are familiar to all our readers, and there is no reason why I should inflict the particulars upon them. But perhaps it may be well to mention that the dinner was a success in the most palpable term, and the speeches that followed were all that a man could expect under the circumstances.

After about an hour had been spent in putting away the provender of the Delevan House, and after all the internal cravings had been satisfied, the President struggled to his feet. A volley of champagne-cork explosions greeted his rising. It was a scene long to be remembered. He said:

"Gentlemeu, if the club consider itself sufficiently stuffed, it is but fair that we now proceed to the feast of reason and the flow of bowl, for which we have become somewhat noted. But, before proceeding with that flow, if there is any member present who, after a careful examination of his physical condition, and a mathematical survey of his carrying capacity, finds that he still

THE PRESIDENT OF THE STUFFED CLUB RISES TO MAKE A FEW REMARKS.

has room for freight, let him speak out now, or hereafter forever hold his peace."

There was at this time a moment's communion. Some communed with themselves, and others talked matters over with their neighbors. At length Mr. Rankin worried himself to his tiny feet.

"Order, gentlemen!" said the president. "Brother Rankin is bracing up for a few remarks."

"Mr. President—wick! I have had the honor of a—wick! of a seat by the side of one of our guests during the evening, and—wick!—I—think he is not full yet. His name it is Bub—Bubble, an'—he's a good enough—wick!—Bubble."

"Bubble? Who is Bubble?"

Captain Finecut landed on his feet.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Bubble is a worthy and respected member of the Sardine Club; in fact, while on a cruise he is our sailing master. If by any chance he has allowed his natural modesty to get the better of his appetite, I must beg of our friends to temporize with him. A little judicious urging will restore his confidence and induce him to fill any aching void that may now remain."

"Bubble! Bubble! Bubble!" came from all sides.

Bubble tried to retire within himself, but the attempt and not the deed rather got the best of him. Those of the Stuffed Club who sat near him sprang to his rescue. After some urging, Bubble was hoisted to his pedals.

He began in a timorous way:

"Gentlemen of your club and of ours: I am not rated as a success at after-dinner speeches. I am but a plain man, a man of fore and aft, a man who knows his watch and his log. On shore I am but an ordinary mortal; on board the yacht I am a sort of an Ixion—bound to the wheel, so to speak. But my worthy friend of the baby pedals is mistaken regarding my stowage capacity's not being all taken up; I am full—too full for utterance; and, instead of making a speech, I will gladly approach you with a conundrum."

"Oh! oh!" came from all sides.

Bitters leaped to his feet.

"Gentlemen, you will please excuse our sailing-master. He is not eloquent; would to heaven he was! for we should then be spared much that we now have to submit to. Allow him

to go on and develop his weakness, and then you will know better than to call on him to say anything hereafter."

"Let him go on!" "Conundrum!" "Conundrum!" came from every one, and Bubble straightened up.

"Gentlemen, I cannot make a speech, but, as I said before, I will slip my cable and sail into you with a conundrum. Now, then. Why is the Albany Mayor's office like this company?"

A buzz of consultation ran around the table that lasted several minutes, during which time Bubble struck an attitude, and garnished the front part of his mug with a self-satisfied grin.

"Give it up! give it up!" came at last.

"Well, I will tell you why the office of the Mayor of Albany is like this company: *because it is well filled.*"

Fortunately the company was in a happy mood, and so the conundrum was well received. In courtesy they were bound to laugh, but it was evident that several persons laughed because others did. But it made a laugh, and that was enough; and yet it taught our friends a lesson they did not forget, and that was the last time Bubble was called upon to say anything.

Several speeches followed, all of which were of a complimentary character, and finally the President of the Stuffed Club arose and proposed:

"A pleasant visit, long life, and much happiness to our guests—the Sardine Club!"

Captain Finecut responded in a few well-chosen remarks. These remarks were serious ones—such as always came from the lips of our worthy captain; but simply because they were serious our friends appeared determined to look upon them as funny—fun in disguise—and they applauded him to the echo on that account.

Seeing how the tide was setting, he concluded as follows:

"Gentlemen, your goodness overpowers me, for you are good

enough to look upon my remarks as humorous, and perhaps they are so in spite of myself. But we have an element of humor in our midst, if you can only find it out. Charity on my part, and bashfulness on his, chides me from mentioning his name. If you can find it, you may be treated to something *serious* in lieu of the humor I have squandered upon you."

Those who knew Mr. Finecut saw that he was not a little nettled over the good-natured reception of his remarks; for, being a scholar, and a sophomoretic one at that, he was proud of his eloquence, and although a jovial gentlemen in every relation of life, he could not bear to be thought a vehicle for anything short of classic eloquence when addressing a company.

When he sat down there was a momentary hush, after which the party began to look in each other's face as if for a solution of the problem: "Who is the serious man?" At last they pitched upon Bitters, and shouted him to his feet. Bubble and I were delighted.

"Gentlemen, there is certainly a mistake here. I am not eloquent, neither am I serious; our worthy captain can vouch for that, and the Sardines will acknowledge, to a man, that, with the exception of Bubble, I am the most comical man in the party. I even laugh at my own jokes. Yet, outside of the club proper, but in our midst, as a guest of both clubs, there is one of the most solemn and matter-of-fact men that ever smothered his eloquence under a buckwheat cake. I allude to the gentleman opposite, with the cinnamon-colored mustache; a man who has done more in sowing "Wild Oats" to crush out humor and mirth in the land than an army of undertakers could have done."

This was a good introduction, and the company applauded it as though it was exceedingly funny. A storm arose under and over that table, and, to prevent the further destruction of crockery, I struggled to my feet.

AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH, BY A VICTIM OF BITTERS. "WE CAN ALL MAKE SPEECHES, PROVOKE US AT YOUR PERIL."

"Gentlemen, Stuffed and Sardine: I feel that it is good to be abroad—I feel that it has a good effect upon my friend, who has so flatteringly introduced me, for we can all bear testimony that he has never been known to speak the truth before; and I must compliment you, gentlemen, upon the influence you have exerted on him. For the good of society he should remain under that influence. But, gentlemen, I fear I have risen inopportunely. This appears to be a jovial company, and a discussion of serious matters will not be well received. I am not humorous, as Captain Finecut is, as Bubble and Bitters are, and, of course, I cannot expect to win your applauding palms. We have accepted the invitation you were kind enough to extend to us, solely in the interest of science, barring, of course, our friendship for you. In the first place, we considered that our club was not thoroughly organized until we knew the carrying capacity of each individual. That problem will soon be finally demonstrated. We also thought it incumbent on somebody to examine the shells to be found on the borders of the Hudson. The only specimens we have been able to find not laid down in conchological works, were those at West Point, used to shuck our enemies with. Then we wished to settle a few historical points. It has long been a question whether the original Dutch or their descendants inhabited the the shores of our noble river, and we have demonstrated the fact that they *do*. We also discovered that the Hudson River Rail Road Company have put a ring through Anthony's Nose. We have had a very pleasant journey up, and behold our anticipations epitomized around this festive board. We have had our appetites and our patriotism whetted at every turn. We look with reverence upon shad-poles, and each member of the club can make a Fourth of July speech upon the slightest provocation. Provoke us, at your peril!

"Gentlemen, we appreciate your hospitality. We propose

to extend our researches in and around grand old Albany. What associations cling around the place! Here the warriors of Tammany were wont to hold their pow-wows, pick 'bones,' and drink fire-water. These very walls have echoed to their war-whoops of victory, and in these parlors have hung the scalps of many an enemy. This much we know of Albany, my friends, but we are willing to learn more. We know all we care to regarding those political Indians—those brass-mounted Lo's of Manhattan. They are scattered now, and white men steal, smoke, drink, chin, swear and squirt tobacco-juice where erst their altars stood—where their council-fires of Partagas once burned. Peace to their ashes!

"Gentlemen, the world moves; it goes by steam, and still claims to be Democratic. We, of Gotham, claim to have a few points of interest and taxes almost identical with those possessed by you, although, in some respects, you have the advantage of us. For instance, you have no 'Washington's Head-quarters,' while we have several; but you have an unfinished State-house, and we still have an uncompleted Court-house that is likely to remain unfinished until it becomes old enough to tear down, because the 'bones' in it have all been picked. You have the politicians only one hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five. In this we envy you.

"But, my friends, let us have peace! Why do we still despise a man because he wears a ragged coat? What has France to do with it? Because we have not been able to hoist our beloved flag upon the North Pole, or cross the ocean in a balloon, is it any reason why taxes should be so high, or bonnets either? Again I ask, what has France to do with it? If we must lay down our arms, if the prestige of our little band of patriots must be eclipsed by a last year's almanac, if we are to be beaten at our own game, is it not a pleasure to be beaten by a *stuffed club?*"

Affirmative responses by the Sardines.

"Again I ask, what has France to do with it?"

"She furnishes the wine," said Sheldon, whereat somebody laughed.

"Well, my friends, I see no reason why I should afflict you further. The question that I have been driving at all through has just been answered, and there is really nothing more to say. I am free to acknowledge that I came up here to find out what France had to do with it, and now I am happy. Let us all continue on in the interests of science and civilization. Let our researches extend to the deepest cellars; let us wipe away the cobwebs and dust of years, and pull corks like men engaged in testing the chemical action of certain juices under certain circumstances, and in the interest of producers of every clime.

"Finally, gentlemen, if you will return this visit—if you will take your lives in your hands and come to us in Gotham, we will do our best to instruct you in the ways of the metropolitan animal. We will show you the remnants of our Ring, the monuments to Tammany's braves, in the shape of uncompleted public buildings, wooden pavements that are being replaced by stone, a debt of one hundred and fifty millions, diamonds 'spouted' by the peck, courts and churches run by money, honesty 'run' by everybody; greater humbugs, frauds and speculations; greater panics, more general looseness, more speckled-pig piety, together with a livelier git-up-and-git than can be found in any other city in the world. Come and see us!"

"We will," was the unanimous resolve, and a few more dishes were broken as I broke off.

President Hastings ventured a perpendicular.

"Gentlemen, if it meets the approval of our friends, we will now escort them to our club-room, after which we will show them a few points. Carriages are waiting for us; is it a go?"

It was pronounced a "go," and we made one of it.

We found their club-room just what we might have expected —rich, refined, elegant. Here a good mixing of persons, compliments and opinions was indulged in, washed down with "Gold Seal," and after continuing our entertainment in this way, we were again taken in the carriages, one Sardine in each, and driven about the city to see the sights.

Of course, these sights and points of interest are well known, and need no description here. The day passed in a most agreeable way, and in the evening we again assembled in the club-room, and were presented to quite a number of beautiful ladies who had met there to adorn the climax.

Byron Bleat was in his element, of course. Before half an hour's acquaintance with a certain beautiful girl, he informed me privately that he had never seen a lady that interested him so much before in his life.

Singing and dancing were indulged in, and then a lunch at the Delevan House again, about midnight, brought the day's entertainment to a close, and we all retired like bees heavily laden with honey, to our respective rooms to sleep, perchance to dream of the morrow.

That morrow came with its supposable number of late breakfasts, and heads too large to fit the hats worn the night before. This history not being written for those who do not know how it is themselves, a further entering into particulars will not be indulged in. Suffice it to say that, what with breakfast, barbers, morning papers, bracers and smokers, it was noon before the world began to look natural again.

About dinner-time our friends of the previous evening began to arrive and to make inquiries regarding our physical and mental conditions, and, finding them satisfactory, we sat down for a pleasant chat and a gradual burning of tobacco.

In the afternoon a committee of the Stuffed Club accom-

panied us to Troy, the rival of Albany, seven miles farther up the river, where it looks cheaper and thinner. Here we found many friends and a bright, cheerful, wide-awake, business city. It is the Trogans' boast that there is nothing manufactured in the United States that is not manufactured there.

We drove about the city, and visited nearly every point of interest therein, meeting many who gave us welcome and cigars. Later in the day we returned to Albany and to another dinner at the Delevan.

When this had been "got along with," the Stuffed President let us into a little secret regarding what was in store for us in the shape of an evening's entertainment. The Stuffed Club had lately resolved itself into a dramatic company, and, obtaining a local burlesque, they had learned the parts, and, after a careful rehearsal, had arrived at a state of perfection that warranted them in representing the piece for our edification and entertainment.

"Don't make any mistake, old party," said the President, after he had given our captain an outline of what was in store; "you will see something quite as high as you ever encountered before. We have a fine little theatre fitted up in Bleecker Hall, and at seven o'clock a carriage will call for you. But now I must leave you, to look after matters behind the scenes."

We were left in the hands of three or four members of the club, who were evidently not possessed of sufficient dramatic ability to be cast for our entertainment upon the mimic stage, and so were doing their parts in this way. We dressed ourselves carefully, and waited impatiently.

TACK SIXTH.

At seven o'clock carriages arrived aud embraced us in their upholstered laps.

On arriving at Bleecker Hall, which had been transformed into a cosy and superb little theatre, we found it well filled with a fashionable audience, friends of the members of the club: and the orchestra, that up to the moment of our entrance had been playing some lively piece, at once started off with "Job's Lament."

But this changed again as we took the seats assigned us, and "The Sardine Club Sonata" followed, together with a delicate round of applause from the audience, who recognized the guests of the evening.

Feeling myself partially an outsider, I took up one of the satin programmes which had been placed in each of our seats, and read it carefully. Judging as near as one is able to from a bill of fare, I at once concluded that the entertainment would be worth reporting, and so took out my note-book for that purpose. Here's the programme:

BLEECKER HALL.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8th, 1874.

Complimentary to the Sardine Club, of New York,

BY THE STUFFED CLUB, OF ALBANY.

ADMITTANCE ONLY BY CARD OF INVITATION.

On this occasion will be presented for the first time, on this or any other stage, a new local, semi-historical, semi-barbarical, semi-political, some-social extravaganza, in one act, entitled

THE ORIGINAL HUDSON;

OR

TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR.

CHARACTERS BY THE MEMBERS OF THE STUFFED CLUB AND THEIR LADY FRIENDS.

☞ LOOK AT THE ARRAY OF TALENT! ☜

WHITE MEN.

Henry Hudson, the great and game original, the jolly cross-cut sailor-boy, seeking a northwest passage to China, bound to go the whole hog on the "Half Moon."..... MR. JACK HASTINGS.

Robert Jewett, first mate of the "Half Moon," and second to no one, though evidently anxious to get married..... J. M. CLOW.

Sol Size, an ordinary sailor, but, by courtesy, while on shore, allowed to call himself second mate, a man of more sizing than hard finish..... J. M. RANKIN.

Abe Light, a steward, and continually getting himself and others in a stew, CHARLEY STEELE.

LO, THE POOR INDIANS!

Big Hen, a Mohican chief, not the least and not the last of the Mohicans, but a distant relation to Cooper's "Last," a roaring, ranting, calculating scalp-lifter, with several marriageable daughters on his hands—a full hand in fact..... MR. ABE DAVIS.

Little Chicken, a brave, reputed to be game, and anxious to relieve his chief of at least one of his cares..... ED. PARKER.

Great Sucker and Bad Egg, ordinary braves, great lovers of fire-water, priding themselves on being genteel scalp-lifters and useful members of society, MESSRS. SHELDON AND STRAIN.

These are associated with several other Indians, who refused to have their names on the bill because they were not assigned the leading parts:

Minniniva, a daughter of Big Hen, a trifle fast and a pretty trifler in almost everything; bound to have a good time while her daddy pays the bill. ADDIE M. RUDER.

Feelafella, her sister, same stripe, or a trifle more so—by a modest young lady, say.....MISS SMITH.

Bluebird, a sister also, popularly supposed to be the original "Girl in Blue," MISS JONES.

Pinkanyellow, still another sister, but determined not to be still under any circumstances.....MISS BROWN.

Other Indian maidens, who act the parts assigned them more or less artistically, and who do much towards making the production a success—by several very pretty and interesting lady volunteers.

Dresses, "handed down" for this occasion.

Scarcely had I finished reading the programme, when the curtain went up to a lively strain of music, presenting

SCENE I.

An Indian village on the site of Albany. Wigwams on either side of the stage. One of them with a sign of "Delevan House" on it; still others, "State House," "Stanwix Hall," "Albany News Co." "Cobweb Hall," "John M. Clow, Cigars," "Albany Knickerbocker," "Sunday Press," etc., with guide-boards indicating "Broadway," "State Street," "R. and S. R.R.," etc., etc.

BIG HEN, LITTLE CHICKEN, GREAT SUCKER, *and several Indians discovered seated in the background, playing euchre.*

MINNINIVA, BLUEBIRD, FEELAFELLA, PINKANYELLOW, *and other maidens enter R. and dance a fandango with tamborines and castanets. After the dance* MINNINIVA *comes forward and speaks.*

Oh, dear! the same old "all hands round" from morn till night,
Now that the dancing season is at its height.
I am so bored by all these "hops" and "larks,"
Whilst we have nothing but these gambling "sparks,"
I'm rusting daily for the lack of fun—
For some excitement. What's to be done?

FEEL. Oh, never mind; we yet may turn a chance.
Let's try a song, or have another dance.

MIN. *Sings. Air:* "Love Launched a Fairy Boat," from "Children of Cyprus."

The Sardines launched a boat
On the grand old Hudson river,
And said, "Our craft shall float, shall float,
Till we our friends diskiver.
A cracking gale shall swell each sail,
And waft us on so merrily—
And waft us on so merrily." (*Repeat.*)

(*She retires up.*)

LITTLE CHICKEN *comes forward and sings. Air:* "Down in the Cane-brake."

Down on Broadway in a ginny-mill,
Dar am a nectar Sheldon loves so well,
And I sometimes takes it—takes it plain an' strong;
I can't lemonade it, so I sing dis song;
Come, bums, come! only lay low,

We'll have some fun where the "cobwebs" grow;
Come, bums, come! come along with me—
We'll start a high old jamboree.

(*Repeat, after which a regular break-down by* LITTLE CHICKEN, *and the Indian maidens.*)

B. H. (*throwing down his hand, and coming forward with ferocious pomposity, a la Forrest.*)

Dry up! git out! and clear your cheiftan's way.
I'll put "tin roofs" on those who disobey!

(*Sparring attitude.*)

MIN. Put down your hands, How can you do so, pa?
Are you fishing for honors of the "P. R."?

B. H. No; I fish for *Porgies* off the *p-ier.*

(*Retires up on his laurels.*)

PINK. (*coming forward with a quiver of arrows.*)

Dear me! I've lots of arrows, but no *beau.*

MIN. Well, Pink, lets to a fortune-teller go;
A picture of our future husbands we can get
For fifty cents; then, wherefore need you fret?

B. H. (*rushing down.*) Zounds! How is this? You talk of fortunes, beaux,
As though these Indian *beaux* no good did *bode!*
Subside, my pets, nor prate of this again—

MIN. We must have *beaux* if we would reign.

B. H. *Rain-bows*, eh?—bah! (*Takes snuff.*) I'm up to snuff.

MIN. Ah! so I see. By jinks, the snuff's up too! (*The audience sees it.*)

B. H. Heavings! ungrateful child, your puns
Are worse than all my tailors' duns.
You bring a blush upon my nose and pate.

MIN. No; that comes from taking all your brandy "straight."

(B. H. *stops blushing and retires to his cards again.*)

Now straightway let us take ourselves away

(*to maidens*).

To see the sights and fashions on Broadway.
We'll have a romp, and, harkee, that's not all—
We'll "scoop" the Delevan and have a "ball."

She sings. Air: "Sleigh ride."

Old folks will have it all their way;
And if we young ones would be gay,
There always is the devil to pay,
If we but hint at flirting.

(*They all dance off R.*)

L. C. That trick is mine. You've tricked me once before.
There's mischief brewing—have a care!

G. S. I *nose* it; it's in *that air* (*playing a card*).

(*War-whoop without.* B. H. *starts up.*)

B. H. Ha! what jackass gave that bray?

L. C. 'Twas one of those two, coming up Broadway.

Enter BAD EGG *on a jackass.*

B. H. What is the warning thou wouldst have us heed,
Bold warrior of the raving rampant steed?

B. E. Be *steady!* and I'll give what news you need.

B. H. If it comes by way or from Chicago,
Peddle it elsewhere; here it will not go.

B. E. A sail in sight, on our lee-bow, sir.
And, by my steed, she is a rouser.

B. H, Ha! wheel out our guns; and, if by chance they balk,
Send G. F. Train on board their ship to talk.

L. C. Suppose you find first what their coming means;
For, after all, they may be but *Sardines.*

B. H. No; they are here. On State street plant our guns,
And throw a shell of fifteen hundred tons,
That they may learn before they reach our shores
What *balls* are given by our military *bores.*

They all go off but B. H. *who sings. Air:* "Red, White, and Blue."

When war caused a wide speculation,
Which threatened our land to re-form,
That "strong box," proof 'gainst peculation,
Was tapped at night and at morn;
With our "watchmen" so diligently o'er it,
And a fast turn given every screw,
Ten thousand bold augurs would bore it—
The boast of the speculative crew. (*Repeat.*)

Enter BAD EGG, *speaking.*

The enemy! A ram, I fear.

B. H. Ha! we'll show this *ram* what 'tis to be *a'steer.*

(*He rushes wildly from the stage. Hurried music. Enter* MINNINIVA *and others from their promenade.*)

MIN. What's up, I wonder? Such wild excitement?

PINK. I guess they've found another Ring indictment,
Or, perhaps, the treasury's got another leak,

MIN. Or Susan Anthony come here to speak.

Enter LITTLE CHICKEN.

Adonis, dear, what's all this bustle, pray?

L. C. A buccaneer comes bucking up this way.

PINK. A buccaneer! Thank Heaven! that's something new.

FEEL. You take the *buck*, and we'll salt down the crew.

MIN. Ha! here comes dad; he wears the bustle now,
And great events dance on his noble brow.

Enter BIG HEN, *wildly.*

Away! the bold pale-faced invader comes!

MIN. Go box his *ears* and rattle on his *drums*.

(*Exit* L. C. *Right.*)

B. H. I'll touch him on the raw, that's what I'll do.

MIN. We're all agreed; a *raw*'ll do for *us—tew !*

B. H. Send out skirmishers by every way.

MIN. (*sings*), "We feel so awful jolly when the band begins to play."

(*All hands dance.*)

Enter HENRY HUDSON *and his mate and crew.*

HUD. Halt! Old Hen, or we'll just raise the dickens.
Surrender, with all your pretty chickens.

(*Draws his sword with a great flourish. Maidens scream.*)

B. H. The Old Hen *dyes*, but never surrenders.

HUD. I rather like double inn-tenders.

(*Looking at maidens.*)

MIN. We're not Dublin tenders, I'd have you know,
But Yankee chickens, o'er whom you cannot crow.

HUD. Less chin, my dear; surrender now you must.

MIN. We're shy of strangers, and we never *trust.*

HUD. Well, *hang it up.* I'm the original—

B. H. Original Jacobs? We knuckle down.
Here's my snuff-box, and freedom of the town.
Though 'tis a felony of ample size,
We're not so savage but we'll compromise.

HUD. Away, my lads! you've heard the people's voice.
Holland pays the money, you take your choice.

(*Exit* SIZE *and* LIGHT.)

Mate, you grab the chieftain and all his suit,
And I'll lay for the chickens here so mute,

(*Chucks* MIN. *under the chin, and flirts with her. Exit other maidens.*)

MIN. (*coquetting.*) Be still! Go 'way! Perhaps you think me mute;
But I've a way whereby I .can dispute.

HUD. No one *disputes* your *weigh.*

(*Attempts to lift her.*)

B. H. Ha! I'll hear no more of this—*a-way!*

(*She quiets him with a significant wink.*)

JUET. I like this girl; let's flip a penny—

HUD. You're too *flippant.* The wench belongs to me—
Mine by right of first discovery!

(*Flourishes his sword.*)

JUET. But I say, Cap. I'll not submit to it.

HUD. You'd better, or you might get hit through it.

MIN. (*to* B. H.) We'll not take hand in any of their spats.
They'll *kill* each other like *Kil*kenny cats.

(*they retire up.*)

SCENE FROM THE "ORIGINAL HUDSON." MINNINIVA PREVENTING A FIGHT BETWEEN HER FATHER AND HUDSON.

HUD. Mutinous wretch! your blade unkiver;
For, as I live, I'll perforate your liver.

(*they fight.*)

MIN. A strike—a strike! (*comes down.*) I hate a fight so tame.
Put up your foils! I'll foil your bloodless game.

HUD. Sweet opposer, which one then doth win?

B. H. That's not *a-poser*—he that's got most tin.

MIN. No; here's a cord, and measure shall declare.

JUET. She takes us for cord-wood; she does, I swear.

(*She places them back to back, pretending to measure them, and ties them securely: They cry out. Music.*)

B. H. Ah! you're weighed and found wanting, buccaneer.

HUD. Hang her way! We're *bound* like Aleck *Frear*.
Fool that I was thus to be caught napping
Where a pretty girl was bent on trapping.

MIN. We'll toast you well; don't make a fuss.

B. H. We've just the spit.

JUET. Would they *spit* on *us*?

HUD. I'll make a plea. Great Hen and chicken mild,
Don't roast us; we prefer being *broiled;*
Roasting takes basting o'er a fire that's slow;
Send us to *pot*, or give us leave to go.

B. H. Dost think us Sardines, that thus you scoff?

(*Gives a war-whoop.*)

HUD. But we're anxious about that *whooping*-cough.

B. H. My appetite is good; my heart is steel.

JUET. Alas! we're *corned* and doomed for *Indian meal.*

HUD. My short-cut to China's a cold-cut here.
They'll bake us and eat us and call us deer.
Why through these waters did I run my prow?
The good "Half-Moon" is in bad *quarters* now.

B. H. Draw up the *cords*, and bring our game along—

HUD. Ah! that's the *chord!* We'll have a little song. (*Music.*)

He sings. *Air:* "I'd offer Thee this Hand of Mine."

I'd offer thee this round of mine
Had it more tenderness;
But maws so delicate as thine
Might thereby know distress.
I'll leave you if you'll let me go;
I've staid here long enough,
I know myself from head to toe-
I know I'm very tough.
I'll marry either of your girls;
I'll do your little chores,
Or peddle forth your beaded work
Among the Broadway stores.

And, oh! when whisky-skins we drink,
When out upon a spree,
Then you can look around and wink,
And say, "Hud. pays for me."

(B. H. *and* M. *delighted. All dance. Closed in by*

SCENE II.

A front woods. Enter SIZE *and* LIGHT, *drunk.*

SIZE. Shiver my tarry top-lights! How's this, Abe?
LIGHT. Red hot, don't it? Let's go to Clow's an' get a drink.
SIZE. Good 'nough! What's the use of being ashore
If you can't get drunk, 'an then do so some more?
Everything is captured and taken in.
There's cotton in my throat—le's find a *gin*.

(*War-whoop without. They start to go. Enter* LITTLE CHICHEN, BAD EGG, *and other Indians, and take them off prisoners. Hurried fiddling.*)

SCENE III.

An Indian lager-beer garden on State Street, Hudson—ROBERT JUET, MINNINIVA, *and* PINKANYELLOW *discovered at a table drinking*—BIG HEN *at another table, meditating sleepily over a glass of lager—Other Indians at other tables—Indian girls acting as waiters—Music.*

Song. Air: "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Oh Big Hen's a jolly good fello
Big Hen's a jolly good fellow,
Big Hen's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny, etc. (*Repeat.*)

HUD. Four more beers! Sweet, my angel of the rope,
We want excitement; say we two elope?
We'll seek my castle by the lake Como.
MIN. Hush! is dad asleep? Ah! the lake—keno!
B. H. (*aside.*) Ha! parental parentitude must be asserted,
Or they'll get *deserts*, and I deserted.
(*Comes over to them.*)
My great white bear, what are you doing?
HUD. Why a *bear?*
B. H. 'Cause I smell something *Bruin'*.
MIN. What shall be done? He'll cling us like a leech.
HUD. I'll fix him. Let me make a little speech.
(*Strikes an attitude.*)

Illustrious chieftain—

B. H. More chin! Help! help! big war-whoop.

(*Exit, wild.*)

HUD. The powers of eloquence are here displayed.

MIN. He isn't the first Indian that it has laid.
But tell me more about your Lake Keno.

HUD. Let's take a walk. I'll chin you as we go.

Song and break-down. Air : "Darkie's Holiday."

Oh! let's be gay and banish sorrow:
Big Hen's used up for to day;
We'll laugh and sing until to-morrow—
'Tis the sailors' holiday. (*Dance and exit.*)

Enter SIZE *and* LIGHT, LIGHT *tremblingly.*

SIZE. We have escaped e'en with our stra'gic mind;
So now let's off and once more go it blind.
Ah! here blooms a garden of lager-beer.

LIGHT. Yes, yes! good Size; but don't let's take it here.

SIZE. Don't take water, man; come, strut and swagger.

(*Strikes the table.*)

What, ho! bring us quick, two mugs of lager!

Enter BLUEBIRD *and* FEELAFELLA.

This way, fair one; here is an empty seat.
Bring forth more mugs, and give yourself a treat.

B. B. Ah! that's the talk. I think we'll take that pew.
I'll fetch your *beer* and Sis will *be-here* too.

(*Exit.*)

SIZE. (*to* L.) Come! don't you see there's nothing here to fear:
Don't act so *cheap* before your little *dear*.

(LIGHT *and* FEELAFELLA *coquette, and at last sit down to the table and hob-nob.*

Enter BLUEBIRD *with lager.*)

SIZE. Well, here's a whack!

B. B. And here's a racket!

LIGHT. Here's for a smack!

FEEL. And here's to back it!

(*All drink. Music.*)

Song—SIZE. *Air :* "A Little More Cider."

When first I took to drinking,
And through the world to stagger,
I turned my back on "whisky sours,"
And went for prime old lager.

I looked upon the foam-capped mug
  I sniffed its joyous flavor,
And then in ecstacy I cried:
  "Another mug of lager!"

Chorus:

A little more lager too,
A little more lager too;
A little more lager for my sickness
A little more lager too. (*Repeat.*)

I wish you were a cask of beer,
  And I could be bar-tender,
How often I would sip you, dear,
  And go upon a "bender."
How bad these Injuns all would feel,
  If we in splendid feather
Should occupy a single keg—
  All lager-beer together. (*Chorus.*)

SCENE IV.

FRONT WOODS.

Enter HUDSON *and* MINNINIVA, JUET *and* PINKANYELLOW. *Grand Wedding-march.*

HUD. (*looking at marriage certificate.*) Now that
  we are no longer "tens and twelves,"
But have a license to set up for ourselves,
We'll open house and make a grand display,
To celebrate this, our wedding-day.

MIN. (*reading from a "Knickerbocker."*
"Married, with intent to settle down,"
What a sensation this will make in town!
  nd yet I fear papa. What will he say
At both his *chicks*, *chick-weeding* thus to-day?
He'll *grind* his teeth; his rage will know no bounds.

HUD. Well, let him *grind;* we'll settle all his *grounds.*
I'll tell you what, the old chap's rather green,
And we'll show him a thrilling sort of scene.
Take him by storm, sing some pathetic song,
And the good old Hen will cluck o'er all our wrong.

PINC. I fear you'll not succeed; but yet you may.

JUET. A hen is sometimes comforted with a *lay.*

HUD. Fear not! I have that telling speech still stored,
And ere 'tis finished he will be so bored
That, had he twenty lambs, full grown, like you,
He'd skip and try to save his *mutton*, too.

MIN. I'll tell you what—there is another plan;
Try fire-water on the good old man.
He is but human, aud he loves his "ball,"
So, buy a "slate" for him at Stanwix Hall.

HUD. Good lick!

PINK. Keno!

JUET. (*to orchestra*). Start 'em agoing!

Music: "Shells of the Ocean." MIN. *sings.*

One Sunday eve, when it was hot,
When staying in became a bore,
I sauntered out in search of sport,
Where I had roamed in days before. (*Repeat.*)
I caught a glimpse of Polly Ann,
But, leaning on another's sleeve,
Oh, backward then my fancy ran,
To when she told me I must leave. } (*Repeat.*)

'Twas ever thus from youth to age,
Although I never owed a grudge,
Some other chap would be the rage,
And I, alas! would have to budge. (*Repeat.*)
Poor Polly Ann; I pity her,
Though no one seems to pity me.
She wed for gold and sil-i-ver;
Now that's gone down and where is she? } (*Repeat.*)

(*All waltz off.*)

SCENE V.

Full stage; Indian wigwams on either side. Branches of trees on R. Ropes dangling from them, and wood piled up ready to light. BIG HEN *and* LITTLE CHICKEN *sitting down playing cards. Music.*

B. H. I'll play no more. I'm cleaned completely out,
And not a thing have I left to "spout." (*Weeps.*)

L. C. (*aside*). Ah! I have it! Big knowledge! (*taps his brain-pan.*) Now I'll play
For Minniniva's hand at some near day.
I have his money, now I'll get the girl;
The setting first—now to win the pearl!
Big Hen, of my pile I'll stake a quarter,
And play you now for your eldest daughter.

B. H. Ha! make your game; give us another deal;
You'll get the "cut" if fortune still is steel;
For, if you get her, it will be so hot
That you will wish Old Hen had won the "pot." (*They play.*)
Ha! I take it up. A jack will do for me,

L. C. Four aces and one bower is good for *three!*

B. H. Here's something not found in palace or shanty,
This using a *daughter* for an *ante;*
But deal again (*he deals*). I yet shall win the race.

L. C. Not much; for here's both bowers and an ace!
The girl is mine—a wife most fairly won!

B. H. All right! and now I'll bet another one.

L. C. No; one's enough; my cup is even full,
Go *scatter* your gems of the beautiful.

SCENE FROM THE "ORIGINAL HUDSON." BREAKÆOWN BETWEEN HUDSON AND MINNINIVA.

B. H. Well, be it so. If I can't win she can.
She'll steal and give it me all back again.
I'll play no more. My fortune's on the wane. (*War-whoop without.*)
Good heavens! those supes must be in dreadful pain.

Enter GREAT SUCKER *and* BAD EGG, *bringing in* SIZE *and* LIGHT *as prisoners, followed by a mob who dance and shout around them.*

LIGHT. Caught again! Oh, Size why did we not skip
And get aboard of our good waiting ship?

SIZE. A woman, as has always been the case.
We got "tight." Now we're in a tighter place.

B. H. Stand all apart! (*they stand*). Bad Egg, what bringest thou?

B. E. Two roasting pieces, after quite a row.

B. H. My brave, there's one lean one in the group.

B. B. I thought, great chief, he'd make good bones for soup,

LIGHT. They're going to eat us, alas! and alack!

SIZE. Well, never mind, we'll have the inside track.

B. H. No, no, we'll not eat you; but, to be brief,
I've got a poor-house to supply with beef,
Though here, and "Light," you're greatly in the way
Of being smoked and packed off where you'll pay.

LIGHT. 'Twill go against me; for I never *smoke*.

B. H. You're *bound* to learn, and learning is the joke.

SIZE. There's the string to hang this poor lamb on. (*Aside.*,
I'll go *buck* and try a little *gammon*.
Courageous savage of this teeming soil,
I've something got you'll swollow neat as oil.

B. H. You can't fool me with any of your hoaxes;
It must be smooth, like *Sardines* in their boxes.

SIZE. We are sent out here by the great Bar-num
To see if we could furnish him with some
Real Indians; for he is now so sadly pushed
For the real article, that he has rushed
About the country, with a "Mike" and "John,"
As Indian chiefs from Oregon.
You'll get fire-water every night and morn—
But on the sly. He's "temperance"—in a horn;
Ride behind a brass band playing loud,
And catch the homage of the *gaping* crowd.

B. H. What an *opening!* Yet I'm not so green;
If you have got money, I am to be *seen*.
I am "Boss" up here, of Indians great and small.
And we're bound to fight 'gainst Tammany Hall.
We're Simon pure, and not made up in streaks,
And love to fight against all feathered "Greeks!"

SIZE. That's got the true *Ring* in it; but I fear
The Injun business is well played out hore.
Better accept the offer that I make,
Or let me show you and give you a "rake."

B. H. You wander from the subject. String 'em up!

(*The ropes are made fast about their waists, and, amid jeering on the part of the Indians and lamentations on the part of* LIGHT, *they are drawn up over the fires.*)

Now light the fires and do the rascals brown;
And when fit to cut *up*, why, cut 'em *down*.

SIZE. Here's suspended animation for you!

LIGHT. Oh, don't joke with such a doom before you.

SIZE. Nonsense! What's the odds? Let's keep stout hearts.
At all events, we're both "up" in our "parts."

(*The fires are lighted. Indians gather around.*)

BIG HEN *Sings. Air:* "Wedlock is a ticklish thing."

Oh! hanging is a ticklish thing.
Chorus—Hi hillie ho, hi hillie he!

The "last sensation" it doth bring.
Chorus—Hi hillie ho, hi hillie he!

"Suspending" surely is no harm.
Chorus—Hi hillie ho, hi hillie he!

It often "feathers nests" quite warm.
Chorus—Hi hillie ho, hi hillie he!

If all your shoddy has been sold,
Chorus—Hi hillie ho, hi hillie he!

And of your gains nobody told,
Chorus—Hi hillie ho, hi hillie he!

Just turn it over to a friend.
Chorus—Hi hillie ho, hi hillie he!

And then quietly suspend.
Chorus—Hi hillie ho, hi hillie he!

(*War dance by Indians.*)

Enter HUDSON *and* JUET *with their wives.*

HUD. How now, ye black and badly stage-struck hags!
Back! or I'll work your feelings into rags.

B. H. Oh, don't be jealous of your favored crew;
We've got some ropes and branches here for you.
I'll stop this hanging around my daughters,
And string you up in even warmer quarters.

MIN. (*kneeling and presenting her marriage certificate.*)
Dad, we crave your blessing. The job is done.
It may be cool; but here's a jolly *son*.

(*Suppressed war-whoop.* HUDSON, JUET *and* PINKANYELLOW *also kneel.*)

HUD. Yes; here we are. Give us a blessing hot,
And take the matrimonial job-lot.

B. H. (*furiously*) Ha! hang your job-lot! You've played it on me.
And sprung a mock-auction bid upon me.
Ho! Sieze the rascals! Give them a short line.

L. C. Express them through, for Minniniva's mine.

G. S. O Pinkanyellow! O Pinky!—boohoo!—
Have you and that other chap done so too?

PINK. Bet your remotest dollar upon it,
I have been and gone and got and done it.

B. H. Belud! I'm dreadful anxious now to dye
Those little locks, just *forged* upon the sly.
Fiends catch the ills they say must be endured;
I have *chaps* on my hands that must be *cured.*
Where are my braves? Where is my good old squaw?
My *ante's* taken by a *son-in-law!*
Bounce the rascals! Hang them on yonder limbs!
I'll teach my daughters to play other *him's!*

(*War whoop.*)

(*The Indians charge upon them with uplifted tomahawks.* MINNINIVA *and* PINKANYELLOW *throw themselves between them and their husbands. Tableau.*)

MIN. Hold! back! painted scullions! Mohican trash!
You'll "hang up" nothing here. We deal for cash.

(*The Indians retire.* BIG HEN *wipes his glasses and calmly surveys the party.*)

HUD. Red-hot! She's just a peeler in a fight—
Knocks Pocohontas higher than a kite.

MIN. Dad, we're married; you must let him live,
To welt him now is *my* prerogative.
Let us have peace, or we'll buy up the tribe—

B. H. I'd have the devil if he had a bribe.

HUD. Well, now-a-days most Indians would.
I'll place my money where 'twill do most good;
I have a plan, Big Hen, in which there's "bones;"
I'll pass you shares, set down in shape of loans.
Let down my men while I my plan unfold,
And win your heart with watered stock unsold.

B. H. Remove the *trying scene.* Don't look so strange.
We have concluded on a business change.

(SIZE *and* LIGHT *are taken down.*)

SIZE. For this relief much thanks. I've been on a *string.*

HUD. And now we'll take you both into our ring.

LIGHT. Such long *suspense* I never want again.
I'd rather wed and have contention plain.

B. H. Come, let's know the plan you have for me;
And, if 'tis worth much more than you would be
For poor- house beef, and I like the joke,
Why—well; if not—then you be hanged and smoke!

MIN. I've seen his scheme. I'll tell you how it is:
He'll bring over some countrymen of his
To marry all of us, and thus, in time,
Blot out the Indian from his native clime.

B. H. *Climb-ing Ingineer!* that beats "Beechery."
You'd open here a first-class bleachery?

HUD. That's the idea, as near as words can show it.
The change 'll come so smooth you'll scarcely know it.
Think of the blood this scheme will save unspilled;
Think of the soil that will be better tilled;
Think of the joy that will spread o'er the earth
When war's jobbed out around each fireside hearth.

B. H. I see; you'd call all the old *coppers* in,
And issue new ones that are mixed with tin.

MIN. Yes, dad; he'll clean them so completely out,
That "nary red" will there be seen about;
Or, if perchance there's one escapes the grief,
Barnum will hire and dub him some great chief.
I like the plan; indeed I do—tip-top.
My soul is in it, as shall be my "crop."

B. H. And what says Pinky? Is she cropping out,
And anxious for this change to come about?

PINK. I think its splendid! and sisters, too,
Are anxious to splice with the daring crew.

JUET. We're all agreed, all willing to consent,
As pioneers in this experiment.

HUD. Come! time is precious; let us have the word.
The *race* must be *won*, how'er rough the road.
Give us your blessing on the grand idea,
And we'll retire, and fill our skins with beer.

B. H. Here, Feelafella, take this good-Size-d man;
Take him and make the most of him you can. (*They take.*)
And here, Bluebird, 's a *Light-er* one for you;
Of course, my grandchildren 'll be *Light Blue.*
(*Tableau and blue lights; also, blue Indians.*)

MIN. Now, let some future Cooper, if he can,
Make out the fate of the Last Mohican;
'Twould take a cooper and a tinker too,
To find the leak that he'll have vanished through.

She sings. *Air:* "Upide." (*college song.*)

Solo. E'en though burlesque holds up to scorn,

Quartette. U-pi-de, u-pi-dah!

Solo. The many ills to which we're born,

Quartette. U-pi-de, u-pi-dah!

Solo. Oh! let us hope the lesson taught,
May be with some goodness fraught,

Chorus. U-pi-de-i-de-i-dah, u-pi-de, u-pi-dah.

(*Repeat.*)

Solo. Sardines and friends, we'll say good night,

Quartette. U-pi-de, etc.

Solo. We trust our plan 'ill turn out all right;

Quartette. U pi-de, etc.

Solo. And if we e'er should meet again,
We'll wake for you this grand old strain-

Chorus. U-pi-de-i-de-i-dah, u-pi-de, u-pi-dah!

CURTAIN.

As the curtain went down, the audience took up the chorus again, and that hall rang in such a way as would have made glad the heart of any Yale or Harvard man in the country.

The next day was taken up with congratulations and recoveries. It was an event, and a private one. On that account the papers contained no regular account of the entertainment. The friends of those concerned knew all about it, and that was enough.

During the afternoon the members of the Sardine Club were

taken in different directions by different members of the jolly Stuffed's, and the time was most agreeably spent.

"Where the bee sips, there sip I."

and where the Stuffed Club sipped, there sipped we. And we came rolling home in the evening.

At nine o'clock we were escorted to their club-room, where a brilliant reception awaited us. Not only was the club out in full force, and each one of their arms bejeweled with a lady, but there were several distinguished citizens present whom we had not met before.

John S. Dickerman and lady, Maj. Dave Woodhall and lady, Charles Piepenbrink and a beauty to whom he seemed greatly attached, W. R. Hiels and lady, Henry Garfield and two beautiful ladies, Thomas Prentice and ladies, Fred Englehardt and lady, and many more whose names I do not remember.

The press of Albany was well represented. There was Jacob C. Cuyler of the *Morning Express*, Jack Hastings of *The Knickerbocker*, H. W. Harrison of the *Sunday Press*, together with good looking representatives of the *Times*, *Age*, *Post*, *Journal*, *Argus*, and one two other journals of that goodly city.

Newspaper men know how it is when newspaper men meet, and so I will say nothing particular on that point in this connection. There was music and songs, after which rose the light fantastic toe.

Until long past midnight that toe was kept pretty busy, and general delight swept like a perfumed, magnetic wave over the whole assemblage. Then came a supper. How shall I describe

it? I won't attempt it, for it was too good to spoil, and I feel confident that I cannot do it justice. But it was touching.

After the cloth had been removed, then began the "few remarks," and those few remarks were quite as palpable as the repast we had hidden. Captain Finecut was never more eloquent, and his reply to a toast that was personal attracted every ear, and his fine bearing pleased every eye.

The great guns of the evening were fired first, and then came a fusilade of small arms, and this in turn dwindled down to fire-crackers and percussion caps in the shape of jokes, etc. But they were all worth listening to.

The reader, who has patiently followed our heroes from the start, need not be told that Byron Bleat was in his element (in fact, he was engaged to be married to at least three young ladies), or that Tom Bubble was as happy as a clam at high tide. The jokes took him more than the ladies did, and he took to the former more naturally than to the latter.

When the firing became rather scattering and uncertain in its aim, somebody called upon Bubble for a few remarks, and he felt just like making a few.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am not used to making speeches, but I have a conundrum that I—"

A yell of derision and delight greeted this announcement, and for a few moments it would have been difficult to have heard a ten-pounder speak. At last the cries of the majority called for the conundrum.

"The conundrum that I wish to ask, is this: Why does this table remind me of a deserted goose-pen?"

Of course, Bubble laughed, and Bitters was seeu holding his ears shut.

"Give it up!" was the general shout.

"Well, I will tell you why this table reminds me of a deserted goose-pen. Because I see several old 'Quils' lying around it."

Shouts of applause followed, and the members of the press acknowledged the corn.

Bubble had at last said a good thing. We were proud of him, and the members of our club made haste to shake him by the hand, and to congratulate him on his hit. Then the members of the Stuffed Club took turns at shaking his hand, until we began to fear that he would lose his right arm. But he took it all in good part, and bestowed a continuous grin upon the entire company while being thus "shook."

This in reality brought the festivities to a close. A beautiful young lady moved to the piano and sang a fine selection of songs, and then the final piece of the evening—"When the swallows homeward fly"—was sung with fine effect, after which the company went over us with a general hand-shaking, and the reception came to an end,

The next day we were escorted by a committee on board our yacht, *Porgie*, and there indulged in a final bottle, and again received their promise to make a return visit. While this was going on the sails were hoisted, and once more our yacht began to plow the waters, homeward bound. We all stood with a champagne-glass in our hands, and as we sang "Good-by, Johnny, when you are away," we gave our friends a cordial

good-by shake, assisted them into their boat that was drawn up alongside, and then, with a rousing three cheers and a tiger we set them adrift, and bore on our way down the river, full of good things and happy memories.

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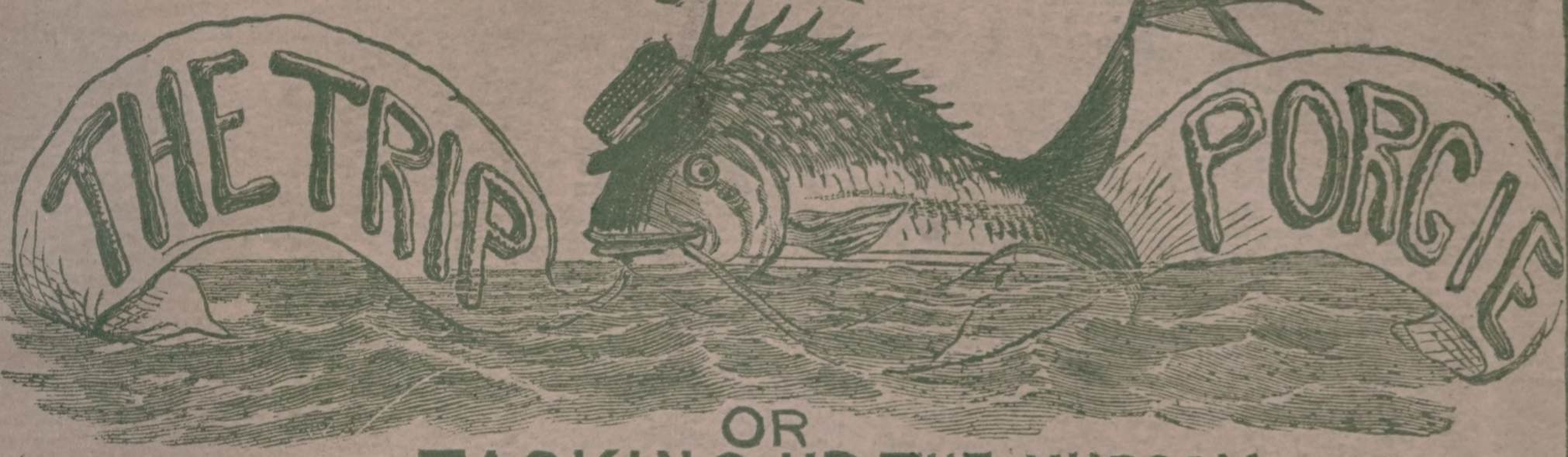

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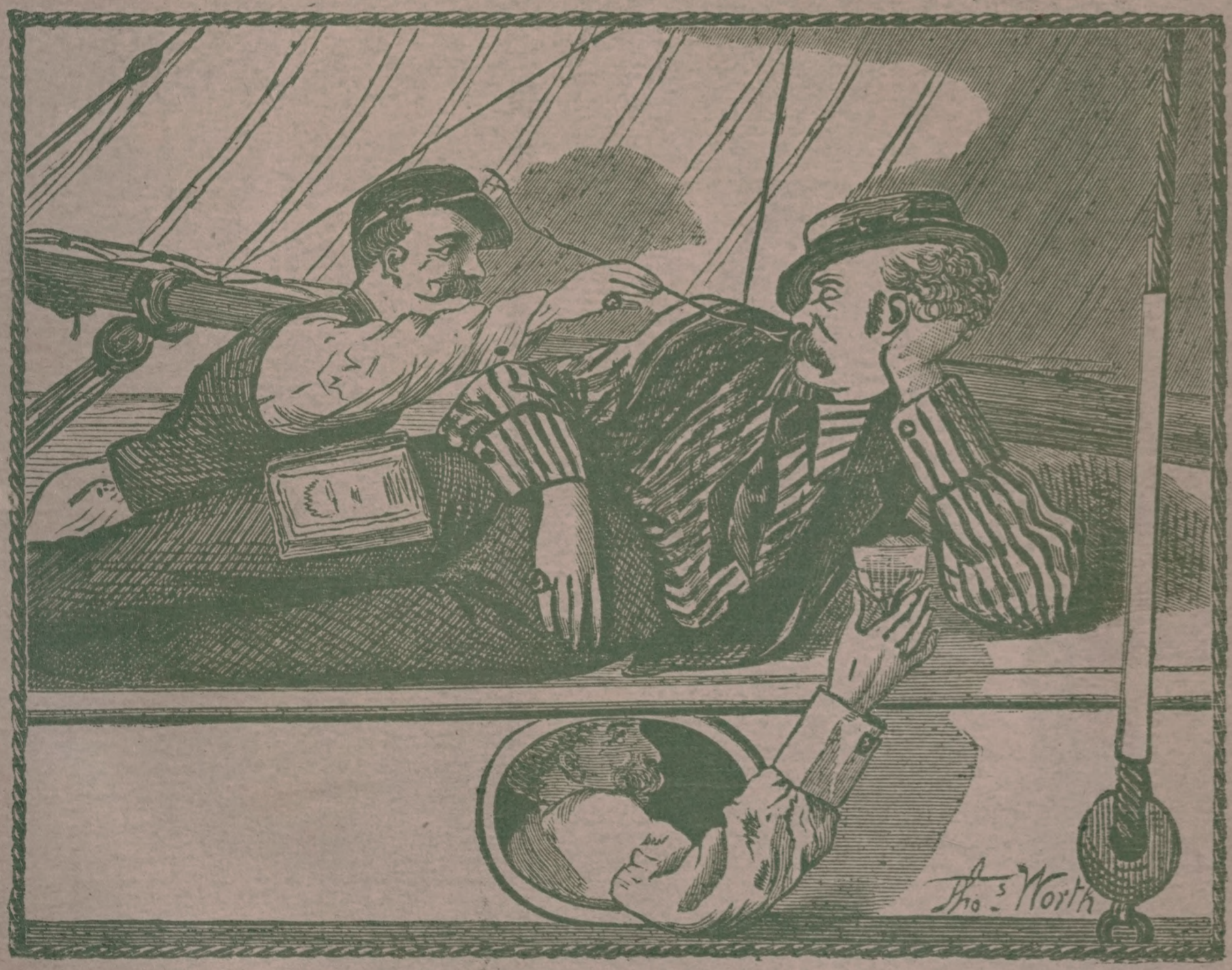

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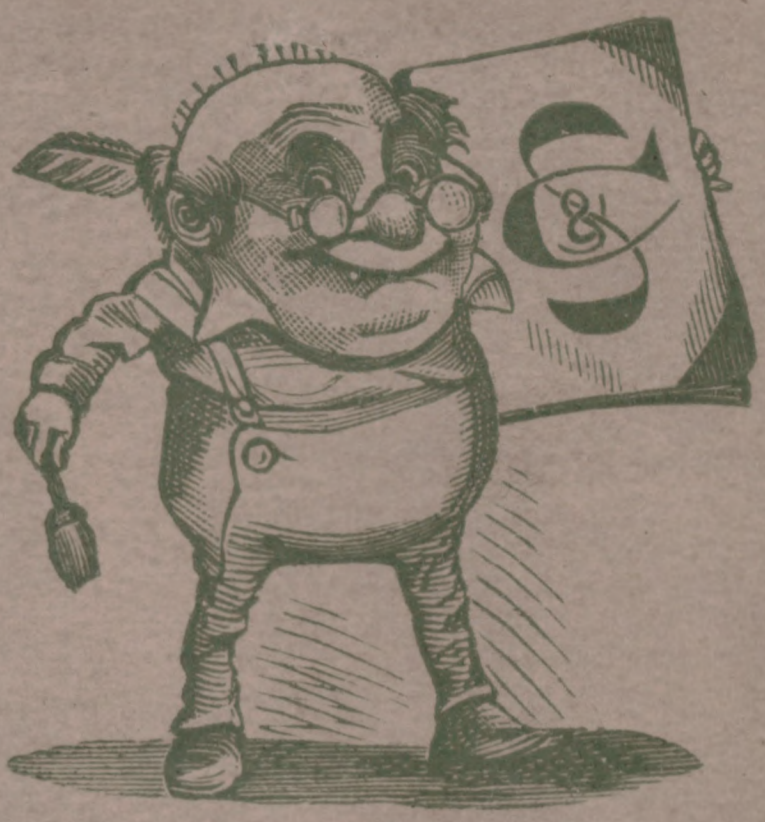

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